

CHARLOTTE HUNTER ARLEY

Interviewee: Chronicler: Charlotte Hunter Arley

Interviewed: 2000

Published: 2001

Interviewer: Victoria Ford

UNOHP Catalog #188

Description

In the year 1947 Reno's population was a mere 25,000, yet it boasted a total of 175 attorneys, many serving the wealthy eastern divorce trade. In this era of dude-ranch divorcees, only two other women besides Charlotte Hunter were practicing lawyers, Felice Cohen and Margaret Bailey. Little did the young Massachusetts woman know that, while she concentrated on earning a living, she was also paving a path that women by the hundreds and thousands would follow in the future.

Born in Springfield, Massachusetts, Charlotte Hunter Arley grew up with one brother and one sister in a Jewish family. She credits her father for her advanced education, for he wanted assurance that all of his children would be able to earn their own way in the world. It never occurred to the intelligent girl to do otherwise. Having graduated early from Classical High School in Springfield, she entered Northeastern University's law school at the age of sixteen and finished when she was still too young to take the bar exams. She worked for the legal department of the Federal Land Bank while the Great Depression spread across the country in the 1930s. She also volunteered at the Legal Aid Society. After being admitted to the bar in Massachusetts in 1935, she joined one of Boston's top law firms—Tyler, Eames, Wright & Reynolds—but after experiencing the broken promises that were all too familiar to professional women at that time, she headed West to find more opportunities. She stopped briefly in Reno to visit her father, then continued her travels and fell in love with Yosemite National Park, staying to work in the gift shop before returning to Reno and starting her practice.

In her oral history, Ms. Arley tells the behind-the-scenes stories of the famous "Petticoat Trial"—so named because it was the first time in Reno's history that two women attorneys were pitted against each other in a courtroom. It was also Ms. Arley's first experience with a jury trial. She comments on cases that were heard in the Nevada Supreme Court and set legal precedents still in use today. Motivated by fairness, she always served as the plaintiff's attorney and worked hard to present a strong case for each client. Ms. Arley also remembered the discrimination she experienced for being a female attorney and Jewish, discriminatory acts that took her by surprise but never daunted her determination or her independence.

One highlight of her career came in 1949 when she represented Reno at the International Federation of Women Lawyers meeting, held in Rome, Italy. She served as secretary to the group that had representatives from forty-one countries. While in Europe, she took the opportunity to visit her brother Sam in Florence.

Ms. Arley left Reno for fifteen years with her husband Jacques Arley to live in Portland but returned following his early death in 1971. Once again, she was a woman on her own in a predominantly male profession, but this time the women's liberation movement had changed the legal scene. More and more young women were passing the bar and practicing law without experiencing the notoriety of novelty that met Reno's first two women lawyers as they faced off during the Petticoat Trial. Throughout, Ms. Arley's oral history is sprinkled with names recognizable as the who's who of Reno's legal society from post-World War II to the current day.

(Continued on next page.)

Description (Continued)

Perhaps the most revealing comment Ms. Arley made when reflecting on her career came after pausing with surprise at a question. "If I had known I would be a role model . . . but I was just earning a living."

Oral history interviews were conducted with Charlotte Hunter Arley during the summer of 2000 as part of the Nevada Legal Oral History Project, a cooperative project among the Nevada Judicial Historical Society, the Ninth Judicial Circuit Historical Society, and the University of Nevada Oral History Program.

CHARLOTTE HUNTER ARLEY



Charlotte Hunter Arley

CHARLOTTE HUNTER ARLEY

*From oral history interviews
conducted by Victoria Ford*

Edited by Kathleen M. Coles

University of Nevada
Oral History Program

Copyright 2001
University of Nevada Oral History Program
Mail Stop 0324
Reno, Nevada 89557
unohp@unr.edu
<http://www.unr.edu/oralhistory>

Nevada Judicial Historical Society
Carson City, Nevada 89701

Ninth Judicial Circuit Historical Society
Pasadena, California 91105

All rights reserved. Published 2001.
Printed in the United States of America

Publication Staff:
Director: R. T. King
Assistant Director: Mary Larson
Production Manager: Kathleen M. Coles
Text Design: Linda Sommer
Production Assistant: Kathryn Wright-Ross

University of Nevada Oral History Program Use Policy

All UNOHP interviews are copyrighted materials. They may be downloaded and/or printed for personal reference and educational use, but not republished or sold. Under “fair use” standards, excerpts of up to 1000 words may be quoted for publication without UNOHP permission as long as the use is non-commercial and materials are properly cited. The citation should include the title of the work, the name of the person or people interviewed, the date of publication or production, and the fact that the work was published or produced by the University of Nevada Oral History Program (and collaborating institutions, when applicable). Requests for permission to quote for other publication, or to use any photos found within the transcripts, should be addressed to the UNOHP, Mail Stop 0324, University of Nevada, Reno, Reno, NV 89557-0324. Original recordings of most UNOHP interviews are available for research purposes upon request.

CONTENTS

Introduction	ix
Charlotte Hunter Arley	1
Index	131

INTRODUCTION

THE YEAR WAS 1947. Reno's population was a mere 25,000, yet it boasted a total of 175 attorneys, many serving the wealthy eastern divorce trade. In this era of dude-ranch divorcees, only two other women besides Charlotte Hunter were practicing lawyers, Felice Cohen and Margaret Bailey. Little did the young Massachusetts woman know that, while she concentrated on earning a living, she was also paving a path that women by the hundreds and thousands would follow in the future.

Born in Springfield, Massachusetts, Charlotte grew up with one brother and one sister in a Jewish family. She credits her father for her advanced education, for he wanted assurance that all of his children would be able to earn their own way in the world. It never occurred to the intelligent girl to do otherwise. Having graduated early from Classical High School in Springfield, she entered Northeastern University's law school at the age of sixteen and finished when she was still too young to take the bar

exams. She worked for the legal department of the Federal Land Bank while the Great Depression spread across the country in the 1930s. She also volunteered at the Legal Aid Society. After being admitted to the bar in Massachusetts in 1935, she joined one of Boston's top law firms—Tyler, Eames, Wright & Reynolds—but after experiencing the broken promises that were all too familiar to professional women at that time, she headed West to find more opportunities. She stopped briefly in Reno to visit her father, then continued her travels and fell in love with Yosemite National Park, staying to work in the gift shop before returning to Reno and starting her practice.

In her oral history, Charlotte tells the behind-the-scenes stories of the famous “Petticoat Trial”—so named because it was the first time in Reno's history that two women attorneys were pitted against each other in a courtroom. It was also Charlotte's first experience with a jury trial. She comments on cases that were heard in the Nevada Supreme Court and set legal precedents still in use today. Motivated by fairness, she always served as the plaintiff's attorney and worked hard to present a strong case for each client. Charlotte also remembered the discrimination she experienced for being a female attorney and Jewish, discriminatory acts that took her by surprise but never daunted her determination or her independence.

One highlight of her career came in 1949 when she represented Reno at the International Federation of Women Lawyers meeting, held in Rome, Italy. She served as secretary to the group that had representatives from forty-one countries. While in Europe, she took the opportunity to visit her brother Sam in Florence.

Charlotte left Reno for fifteen years with her husband Jacques Arley to live in Portland but returned following his early death in 1971. Once again, she was a woman on her own in a predominantly male profession, but this time the women's liberation movement had changed the legal scene. More and more young women were passing the bar and practicing law without experiencing the notoriety of novelty that met Reno's first two women lawyers as they faced off during the Petticoat Trial. Throughout, Charlotte's oral history is sprinkled with names recognizable as the who's who of Reno's legal society from post-World War II to the current day.

Oral history interviews were conducted with Charlotte Hunter Arley during the summer of 2000 as part of the Nevada Legal Oral History Project, a cooperative project among the Nevada Judicial Historical Society, the Ninth Judicial Circuit Historical Society, and the University of Nevada Oral History Program (UNOHP). Funding was provided by a grant from the Dangberg Foundation to the Nevada Judicial Historical Society. The UNOHP donated generous amounts of time in transcription and production services. The Ninth Judicial Circuit Historical Society provided professional expertise and administered the grant.

Charlotte and I met at her Reno home where, at the age of eighty-eight, she was still dispensing legal advice to those in need. We were often interrupted by telephone calls and visits from neighbors and members of her synagogue, all friends who enjoy her lively conversations and companionship. The interviews seldom followed exact chronological order, but rather we explored subjects as they came to memory. Charlotte quickly became a favorite at UNOHP, as one by one, each person

helped with transcription and production of her oral history. This transcript has been lightly edited for readability, but the natural episodic structure follows the interview tapes. Amusement or laughter is represented with [laughter] at the end of the sentence; and ellipses are used, not to indicate that material has been deleted, but to indicate that a statement has been interrupted or is incomplete . . . or there is a pause for dramatic effect. For readers who are interested in examining the unaltered records, copies of the tape-recorded interviews are in the archives at the Nevada Supreme Court Library at Carson City, Nevada; the Ninth Judicial Circuit Historical Society, at Pasadena, California; and the UNOHP in Reno. As with all oral history projects, Charlotte has recorded her *remembered* past, and memory is never flawless. Readers should exercise the same caution used when consulting government records, newspaper accounts, diaries, and other primary sources of historical information.

Perhaps the most revealing comment Charlotte made when reflecting on her career came after pausing with surprise at a question. "If I had known I would be a role model . . . but I was just earning a living."

VICTORIA FORD
Reno, Nevada
April 2001

CHARLOTTE HUNTER ARLEY

VICTORIA FORD: *Today is February 4 in the year 2000, and my name is Victoria Ford. I'm here with Charlotte Hunter Arley at her home in Reno, Nevada. Ms. Arley, I'd like to talk about your early years. Maybe you can start by talking a little bit about your parents.*

CHARLOTTE HUNTER ARLEY: My mother was very genteel and literate. Her name was Lottie, translated from the Yiddish *Zlateh*. My father, Morris, had come to this country from Russia, probably, about 1909 or 1910, and I'm judging that by my own birth and my older sister's birth date. Records from Russia were too difficult to obtain then. There were some other family members here, not closely related, but enough so that at least there was a place for my father to come. I think he stayed a little while in New York with a man who was not a relative. We had relatives in common.

That man, whose name was Nathaniel Harvey, was one of the first and best lawyers in Springfield, Massachusetts, where I grew up. Nathaniel Harvey had a thing about women in this way: that women were lesser. Nonetheless, when I got into law school, he took great pride in that. When I became a member of the bar, it was very unusual at that time for young women. I kind of understood that Mr. Harvey was really pleased about my situation, in spite of his attitude about women kind of being down the road a little bit.

In New England we have clam roasts, where you dig a hole and put the corn and the clams in to roast them. Well, the bar had a clam roast, and Mr. Harvey *took* me. My goodness! That had quite an effect on me. Those are the memories. You have to understand, I think, that it wasn't so much my age. I was only twenty when I got out of law school. I had to wait till I was twenty-one to get my certificate. I was very unsophisticated. We, in our family, were not prepared to be out of school and be married. We just grew up and knew we were going to school, whatever that meant.

You're talking about beyond high school?

Oh, yes, but we weren't geared toward, "Now you can go get married. Then you'll have a house, and then you buy the furniture. Then there'll be a baby," which—in a good way I'm saying this—was what was usually happening with women, but we weren't put in that direction, possibly because of my older cousins, who were ahead of their time. There were three sisters—as we are in my family. They were called the Sherman girls. They were into politics. The next couple of generations are out West now, too.

The Sherman girls had a big influence on you?

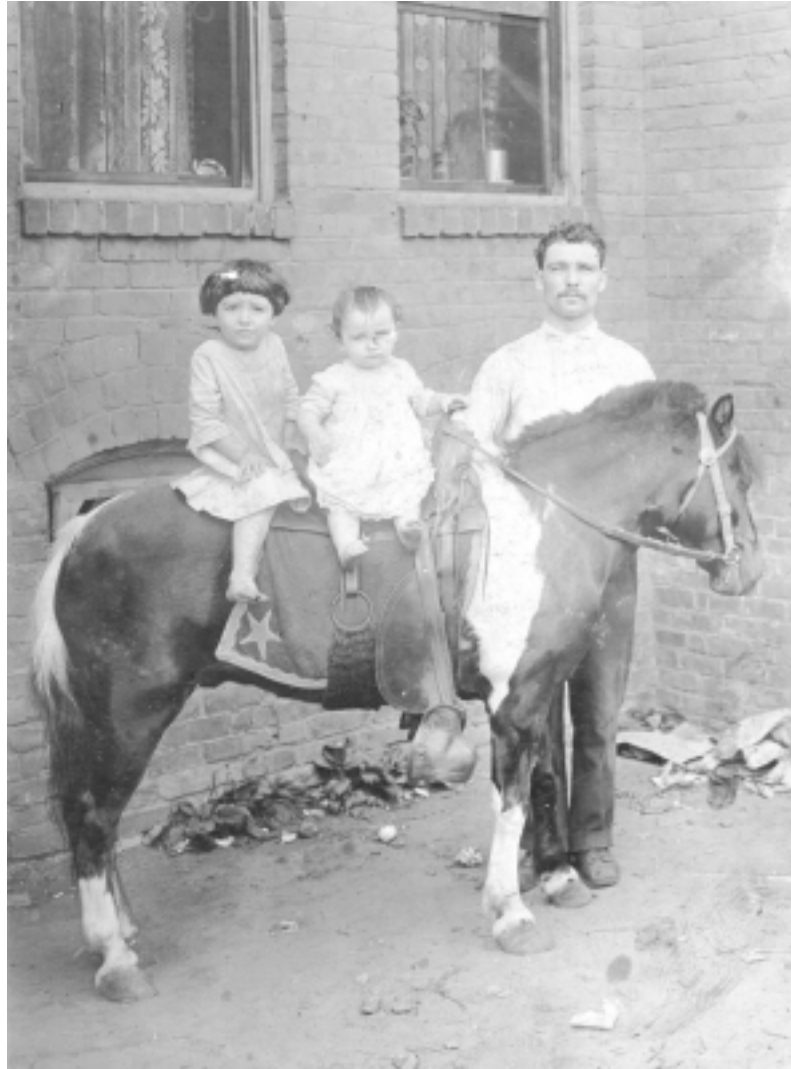
Yes, they had a real influence on us, especially the eldest one. There was Susan, Minnie, and Rebecca.

Tell me about your father's influence on you.

Oh, my father was the dominant parent. My mother was a wonderful cook and baker and homemaker. She



Charlotte and her cousin, Susan Sherman (R), in the 1930s.



"[My] father was the dominant parent." Baby picture of Suzanne (left) and Charlotte (center) on a horse, with their father holding the reins.

sewed our clothes. My father had done almost everything else, including buying clothes for us—three of a kind in different sizes. My sister Suzanne was two years older than I, and then I'm a year and a few months older than my surviving sister, Anne. Neither sister married. I was the one who surely was thought never to be married, not they!

Do you think this expectation of going on to school came from your father?

Oh, yes. My mother was caring, but it just came from my father. I'm sure my mother was very happy to follow along. The expectation also came from my cousins, who themselves were educated. My cousin, Susan, went to Miss Twitchell's, where the girls were She never got over that, however. She only died a few years ago. She was 101.

Miss Twitchell's would have been like a finishing school?

It was a finishing school, and only certain people could go there, and my cousin Susan became that person. She's the one who had the most influence. I think she must have helped my father with his English when he first came, because he was here at least a couple years before my mother came.

Now, your father and mother were married in Russia before they came over here?

They were already married. My older sister was already born in Russia. We used to call her a foreigner. [laughter]

So then you must have been here in what year?

Nineteen twelve. That's a matter of record. I've always stayed with it, and I don't understand people that don't. April 2, 2000, I'll be eighty-eight, for the record.

That's wonderful. So your father was giving you the expectation—without saying so—that you three girls would go on to school?

Right, and we all did. Later we had a brother, and my brother did better than all of us, because he was in a little better situation. He is a professor emeritus in art and archaeology at Princeton, a published author, and an art critic.

Tell me some of the things that you remember about the early days at home when you were a child with your family. Do you remember any special holidays or traditions?

Well, we were Jewish, and we lived a Jewish life. I think it's interesting that my father never went to what we called then a synagogue. Never—so far as I know. I remember my mother taking me once early on.

Do you know why your father didn't go?

We never talked about it. My mother kept all the holidays, had a kosher house. I only have to believe that

coming out of Russia, which was a very difficult place for them to be, they certainly couldn't exercise their faith, other than as they did.

Quietly in the home?

Yes. So maybe they carried that here, believing that that was the better way, their first thinking to become citizens.

Did you speak English or Russian at home?

Oh, we didn't speak Russian. That was the language my parents used when they didn't want us to understand what they were talking about. My paternal grandmother is the only grandmother we knew. My father's mother came with my mother, and because no one expected her, I guess, to pick up very much English right away, we had to learn to speak Yiddish, which I can still speak, and I'm pleased. The idioms are great. They're really kind of cute when you translate them.

So you learned Yiddish in order to speak to Grandma when you were growing up?

We had to. See, that's how I grew up. That was a must. My grandmother needed to have conversation with us, and we needed to understand my grandmother, and the only way she could understand would be if we spoke *her* tongue. Nobody was putting pressure on her to learn English. That's also a good experience for young people growing up, to make it easy for a grandmother, out of respect.

Your father was in charge at home and made decisions?

That was normal in almost any family. Now, first of all, my father came, and then he brought the rest of them.



Charlotte at age eight.

What kind of work did your father do?

Ultimately, he was an agent for Metropolitan Life, and they wanted him to go into managership, but he felt he didn't have the requisite language. Adding to that, although my sister was older and was a commercial high school student and ultimately became a CPA, who did the record work for my father? I did! That was another expectation. In the beginning, the agents used to pick up their own money from the people they were insuring, and you had to do the records, but during the Depression, they were in the lapses and all that—lapsed meaning the insured had to give up their policies. So I did his paperwork early on. [laughter]

What do you remember of going to grade school and high school?

I remember kindergarten. On the last day, at someone's request, I brought my jump rope to school. Everyone *except me* went on to first grade. No one let me know I was too young. I really felt so bad about the whole thing, especially having brought my jump rope!

I remember Miss Parkinson from the second grade. My father, by now, had a grocery store, and he would send my teacher a little sponge cake. So I became accustomed to doing that kind of thing. I take cookies, et cetera to the court clerks!

When I was in grade school we changed classes in the middle of the year, say, from low fourth to high fourth. I must have had a sense early on that my mother had all she could do, and I used to launder my own clothes when I was in the fourth grade. Then, we didn't have a lot of clothes, anyway, so we had to . . . we called it ironing our

clothes. I was already doing that for myself. Well, one day when we're standing there in class, the teacher says, "Pull your little stomachs in." Teacher came up and put her hand on my stomach, and my dress was still damp. What a dumbbell teacher! I'm saying that now—not then. I was so embarrassed. She said something about my dress being moist. I don't recall my answer, but, if anything, I know how embarrassed I was. That's not very good of the teacher. It was damp because of my taking care of my clothes myself.

Oh, but I was a shy youngster. In fifth grade my friend sat in front of me in school. We were best friends on the street, and, parenthetically, if the teacher really understood what she was doing, she would have separated us early on, which she did not. She was a "nice" teacher. When we would finish our little tests, my friend would just turn around and begin to talk with me. So the teacher sent us out of the room—one of us to what we called the lavatory and sink, and the other one to the nurse's room. Those were the first and only C's I ever got, and when I came home with the report card, I was embarrassed. I don't recall that my father said very much. He knew that I knew. I knew that I was never going to get another C. Then, when my friend and I came back out on the street, I said to Sylvia, "What did your father say?"

She said, "I just told him it was *your* fault."

I remember thinking, "How could she have done that? Blaming me for something?" [laughter] One of my first of such experiences. "How could you do that?"

Your father had an expectation of you that you would do well?



Charlotte in sixth grade, c. 1923.

There's no question about that. In my own life, I came to know that. It was expected of us, not just me. It was expected of us. We were all bright. I just have to say that. We didn't know that. We did *not* know that. I didn't even know I was considered in that way until I came West. I'll tell you why I think that was. I think most of the children at that time, or the kids in school, were pretty bright, anyway. So we weren't too far apart. So we didn't think

we were bright. I'll tell you where it was. When I was in the ninth grade I got called in to see the school psychologist, and this is what I was supposed to do, and if I was supposed to do it, I would do it. It's amazing to me that all those years ago they had a school psychologist. I wasn't understanding that in any real sense. So they measured me, so to speak. By ninth grade we had to decide what high school to go to, whether we'd go to commerce or to a classical school. The decision was made that I would go to law school. The testing showed that if I didn't want to go to law school, I would do well to do chemistry, because I also had a good feel to help me (measuring weights by hand). You have to understand how young I was. I was then to come back while in high school and go through this routine again. Looking back, I'm amazed that that was happening in the schools. This was probably about 1924-1925. Especially, Massachusetts had the reputation of wonderful schooling. That has stayed well with me. People think I'm a teacher or something, because grammatically, I'm almost always collect *Collect.* [laughter]

Collect?

Very good. [laughter]

Correct! [laughter]

I don't have trouble with *who* and *whoms* and . . . what's the other one? The twos? I just have a good ear. I catch it all the time on TV. I'm thinking, "They should know better."

So you had a very good schooling in language?

I had a great teacher. I remember her well. I believed her when she said, "If you have two people who are exactly the same," which could never be, "and one drinks and one doesn't, so the one who drinks or smokes dies earlier." I've never smoked in my life; you'd have never found me drunk. [laughter] At home the teacher was always right.

Oh, really? So if there was any conflict, the parents didn't go and back you up? They told you to follow the teacher's orders?

Well, we didn't have many problems. So when my eighth grade teacher said that, more than anything else . . . well, I wouldn't have smoked, anyway. I came from a family that . . . I didn't have any problem about that. So I've always been aware of what's good for one's health. During that period, also, early on, I went to the girls' club and things like that. I became a counselor at camp. So I lived the kind of life they want us to have at this point, that they have to make such an issue on. That was just part of how you grew up. Eating appropriately, and the exercise . . . and we didn't call it exercise. You went to camp and walked three miles to school. I learned to swim. I was camp counselor.

Did you have any input into this decision for you to go to law school? Or was that decided for you?

No. It wasn't decided *for* me, but the input was such that I didn't wish to go to the same high school where my older sister was. That was just a thing. You know, Susie is there. I don't want to be there. I had enough of Susie. Something of that sort, you know. So my father just went

down the list of things, because we had to make a decision, and we ran out of everything until we came down to, “Do you want to be a dentist, or would you like to be a lawyer?” That was it. I could only see the dentist pulling teeth, and I didn’t think I wanted to do that.

So that’s how you decided?

Yes. So when they call me a pioneer or a leader or a this, or it’s dramatic—nothing like that.

Your options were really limited at that point?

Yes. See, nobody has put it that way. I was in high school at thirteen, so, you know, you don’t have a lot of independent thinking about these things, like this girl at forty. This is how grateful we were. We didn’t express our appreciation to our parents for what they did for us. I believe parents know.

You wish you’d been able to tell your parents?

Yes.

Did they pass away before you had a chance to do that?

No. But that . . . it wasn’t My father died in 1961, so that’s almost forty years ago. Of course, by that time I was an adult, and we had some differences in points of view.

You were going to tell about your parents, that they listened to you when you were a child.

Always. I mean, when we came home, we had something to say.

You told them about your day at school?

Well, whether we told it that way or whatever. Another thing, the meals were always at home. Everybody had dinner at the same time. As I look back, you know, I recognize how different it is today.

So a very strong sense of family?

Oh, very. I'll tell you—very. Plus, the

Extended family?

Right. Exactly right.

You did not feel different in any way from the other kids at school?

No, but when I got to high school, I realized there were some differences. I didn't know exactly what it was. Longmeadow was our better . . . not better area, but people with more means.

Is that where your family lived?

Oh, no! [laughter] No! We did not live in Longmeadow. I knew there was a difference, not that they had more. I knew there was a difference. You could sense it, because they sort of had that half of the room. They weren't really sitting with us. Again, at this moment, I realize that if teachers knew more than they

apparently did, they would have mixed us up, but you just knew they were kind of what we would call standoffish. So we had that sense. I still remember the girl's name—Carol. One day she came to school, and she and I were wearing the same sweater. That made a real impression on me. I had the same sweater as she, but I already knew that I could have it, because I knew how to shop. My cousin Susan taught us how to shop. We have seasons, so you wait till the end of the season. [laughter] I have very good memory of that. I don't know what it says, but up to now we're even keel. I've got the same sweater you have.

So you were beginning to be aware of differences?

Yes. What they were, I couldn't have told you.

Then. But now, looking back, you can tell?

Yes. I will also tell you that in those days, to have a black girl was something. I was so aware of that; that was high school. The white boys all—today we would use the word “lusted”—were after her. She was so—we wouldn't have said beautiful—but so attractive and so well put together and such a nice person. In those days, I was sensitive to that, too. “Oh, look at them!”—the white boys—“And she's black!” But it just depended on what kind of black you were. So I remember that.

Were you becoming aware of anybody demonstrating prejudice about you being Jewish while you were in high school?

No, with small exceptions, because I think we lived in an area where we were mixed. Up the street we were very friendly with a family named Stevenson. In the beginning, the mother didn't want her children to play with us, but got over it. They were Baptists. I only know that, because they went to the Baptist Church.

However, we were stoned when I was in kindergarten. My father had a grocery store, and one of his employees was a Polish person. We lived in a Polish Catholic area or street. The other employee was Portuguese. There was a large community of Portuguese people. I think that was very good for me, also, but the Polish person, who was a younger person, used to walk us to school in the primary grades, because the Polish kids would throw stones at us and call us "Jidov," which meant Jew. To this day, I don't like to say the word by itself, just "Jew." I like "Jewish," because that's my memory—Jidov—said in a very unpleasant way.

With stones coming at you?

The point is, the Polish person protected us against those children. So that was even-stein. Anyway, supposedly, Jews were supposed to be the least prejudiced. Well, I don't know if that's true, but that's how I grew up, and I believe myself to be not prejudiced.

Did you graduate early out of high school?

Well, I was sixteen out of high school.

Was it unusual to graduate at sixteen? Were you ahead of your class?

Well, I skipped twice. So I skipped a year. I'm not sure how great that was, but I did. That just was the way it was. I think I was very accepting. I don't look at it in any other way. That's how it was. I skipped from low seventh to low eighth, as we would say, and then from low eighth to low ninth. I said to my father, "I've got all A's after the first double." There's more to it than that, but I didn't have all A's when they gave me the first double, "So I think I should have another one, you know." (Skip another grade or "double.")

I asked my father if he would go and talk to the principal. I knew that you had to do that. At that time I couldn't be sure why my father wouldn't go, but he said, "If that's what you want, you need to go and talk."

And that's what I look back at now. That was very difficult for me. How do you go to the principal and say, "I need another double"? But I did go. So there was something in me.

They tried to get me to talk to the secretary, but, no, I insisted on talking to the principal, and he pointed out, "Well, you would miss this, and you would miss that."

I kept saying, "But my sister can help me with that."

We finally got to the history, and he said, "Well, your sister can't help you with that, because she didn't take history."

So I agreed. I don't know whether it came from me or what, but the agreement was that I would go to summer school to take history, and I did. I wasn't the kind of kid who really wanted to go to summer school, in spite of everything, but I would take six weeks of history, and he agreed. Well, when I came back to school, they stuck me in high eighth. Then what was I supposed to do? I wasn't going to accept that, so I went back. The principal said he had no memory about our agreement ever happening,

that he had ever said that. I said, "But I want to be in low ninth." I needed to do that. So I reminded him that I went to summer school and suggested to him—today I can use that language, but not then—that I didn't go to summer school because I had failed anything. [laughter] I had passed everything. Why would I go to summer school, except that he had said that? Today, I think back and wonder if he was just testing me. I didn't have that much understanding at that time. That was just not right. It was a thing of being right and being fair all my life. That's what we said.

You had that sense of rightness and fairness from an early age?

Yes. See, other people don't speak like that. [laughter]

But you've felt that all your life?

Oh, very strong. Probably got that from my father. My father would go around saying, "I can talk to anybody," you know, that kind of thing. "I could even talk to the President," my father would say, but he never went to talk for me. [laughter]

Anyway, I did get into the low ninth, and then I lost a half year of Latin and started with Latin. When I got to high school, I had a little bit of difficulty getting into the Latin. But I did. But that was bothersome, and I think, had I failed, that would have been a terrible blow for me. So sometimes maybe they're not altogether right in what they do. But I look back, and I just wonder what their thinking was. That's pretty good for a young person.

To be able to go fight for themselves like that?

Right. Right.

Tell me, then, when you went from high school to law school, was there a big difference in the classes that you were taking and the way you studied?

Oh, in a personal way—I'm not using correct language—that was a whole different world. I sat in front of someone called John O'Malley, and early on I kind of felt he was trying to protect me. I feel so silly, but I couldn't understand. He was doing shorthand. I never knew men did shorthand. I was self-taught in shorthand. I took a couple of classes in the summer when I didn't have to go to school.

I was very shy. (Unbelievable, I now say!) I would come in as late to class as I could, and I would leave as early as I could. There were two other women. There were more when we began, but two were left. Alice Moss was Catholic. My friend, Arlene Vogt, with whom I became best friends, like we used to say, was Protestant. There I was—the Jewish one. For whatever reasons, I think Arlene took a review course. I couldn't possibly have been able to do that, financially. Whether she failed the review course or not, she didn't pass the bar. I don't know if Alice took it or not, but I was the only one who passed the bar.

How long did it take you to go through these classes?

It was four years.

Was it year-round, or was it like the other schools?

Well, I don't think we went to school in the summer. At this point I was working in order to go to school.

So you had a job, too?

Yes.

You were working and going to law school? Did you ever sleep? It sounds like it was a terribly heavy load.

I used to stay up till two o'clock abstracting cases. I was asked to recite a criminal case on rape. I didn't even know what rape was. That was when we had all of us women together. That was early on. This was the second such time when I was without knowledge of that part of life. After that the women said to me, "How come you got up in class to recite that case?"

I said, "I was called on."

I guess the professor knew very well there isn't any sense in calling on me to talk about this rape case, but unknowingly I get up there. I always thought law was like geometry—all about the facts and then the application and then the consequence. Well, the case said one man held this woman, while the other man raped her—whatever that was. The law was, if you have a woman against her will—I still remember that quote—to have a woman against her will is rape. Well, if somebody's holding you back while somebody else is doing whatever he's doing, that's against her will. So I could recite it. I did not know what rape was.

Then, in addition to not knowing some things about life, you were working long hours and studying long hours?

Full hours. It was at night. Northeastern, at night.

So you took night school and worked in the daytime?

Yes.

Then went home and studied until two o'clock in the morning?

And helped my father.

And helped your father with his books, still?

Yes. And took piano lessons! Which I wasn't great at.

You had three jobs!

I know, but it just seemed that's the way it was, and it was without question.

You were used to hard work at a very young age.

Well, I didn't know it was hard work. You know, my father's work didn't take all that much time, I don't think. I don't recall. I think my mother got a little unhappy, because it was too much.

The load on you?

Yes. I didn't feel it as a load. My sister Susie worked, though, and went to school, also. She was in the commerce and finance class. I was in this other. At that time, that's the way it was, I mean, for me. At the graduation procession, we were the only two women, and

we were up front. People said, "Why did you look so sad? Susie was so happy." I knew the difference. I was sad because of my father. Susie was happy because of the occasion.

Your father wasn't there when you graduated?

He wasn't there.

So you would have graduated high school in 1928 and graduated law school in 1932. So right out of law school, what was the first thing you did?

Well, I couldn't take the bar. I was too young. I didn't pass the bar till 1935.

So what could you do with your law degree if you were too young to pass the bar?



Charlotte at her law school graduation in 1932.

Well, I volunteered at what we called legal services. Well, then we called it a Community Chest organization. I volunteered. The lawyer for legal aid was a top Temple University man in private practice, Mr. Talbot, who gave his time, and that was a tremendous experience for me. He took me to court with him. I was so naive. It was something about hot water or cold water, I thought. Somebody took a room with or without. Later in my life, I realized it had something to do with prostitution. There was a red-headed lawyer, a good Irish guy, raising his voice, and Mr. Talbot was so quiet. He was to me an older man. So quiet in his presentation. I don't think you know what gillie ties are?

No, I don't know what those are.

Well, you know, you put a shoe on. Then it has laces; then you get it laced; then you lace it up on your leg. My cousins had to tell me that young lawyers like me shouldn't wear gillie ties or red leather jackets. So that's what the style was for young women, but apparently not for a young lawyer. Anyway, that was a tremendous experience with Mr. Talbot.

I asked him, "Why was he yelling?"

He said, "Well, you don't have anything. If you have nothing to offer, then you yell around." Not in that language, but the essence was, "If you've got the stuff, you're going to make it, and you don't have to raise your voice. You only do that when you know you're going to lose, anyway."

I always wondered what they were talking about. What difference does it make if you get hot water or cold water? But it dawned on me, this was a question of prostitution or something of that sort.

You didn't know about prostitution then, either?

Oh, no! If I didn't know about rape, what do I know about prostitution? No, we were very much sheltered. I guess that was the word.

Your parents expected a lot of you, but also sheltered you in some ways, at the same time.

Oh, yes. Well, that's what I say. We weren't headed for marriage or the "boys," primarily. When I came out to Reno about 1937, 1938, I still thought I was going back to what I call home. That's why I could go around; I could get jobs, no matter what they were. It really was a tremendous experience. I found prejudices with judges against Jewish people, not knowing that I was Jewish.

At the legal services there was Mrs. Meany; she was a lawyer, but that's what she did—she took care of legal aid. Mr. Talbot would come in the afternoon, and Mrs. Meany would go in and sit with him and his client. This one day she wasn't there. I don't think anybody can understand, because it's a personal thing. My good friend, Margo Piscevich—I don't know what she would have been like then—but she'd go in there and bango! I was a whole different personality. So I come in, and I think, "To think that Mr. Talbot's letting me come in and sit in conference like a real lawyer!"

This was a case of indecent exposure. If I didn't know some of the other things, yes, but I was always factual. If you would tell me what it was, and it was a fact, you know, that was it. So Mr. Talbot kept saying to the client, "Miss Hunter is an unmarried woman."

I said, "What is it? You don't say why." He finally sent me out of the room. [laughter]

He was protecting you, too?

Yes. Protecting me from this case. [laughter] I wish I could have gone back and talked to some of these people at a later date.

So you worked as a volunteer at legal services?

I had three other little jobs. There was a hose and underwear shop called Clear Weave. They don't have them like that anymore. Because I could walk there from where I was at legal services, when they got busy, I was the first one to be able to get there. Other people had to get on a bus or a car. So that's what I would do. I learned very early on about suggestive selling. If a man came in—if we didn't sell him the most expensive hose! We were paid, believe it or not, ten cents an hour, plus commission. Even though I was part time, I made more than the other girls, so they gave me my big check under two different names. [laughter] Then the NRA came in—this is historical—and an employer had to pay at least twenty-five cents an hour. [The National Recovery Administration, NRA, was the U.S. administrative bureau established under the National Industrial Recovery Act, 1933-1936, to encourage industrial recovery and combat unemployment.] The rents were only thirty-five dollars a month.

Yes, but at ten cents an hour, it took a long time to earn thirty-five dollars a month for rent.

Yes. Good girl! But with commissions . . . I've forgotten what the commissions were.

That helped.

The more costly the product, the better commission you would make, but if a man came in, and you didn't sell him the best hose and then some ladies' underwear
[laughter]

That was bad?

Then I would get my younger sister a job and my cousin a job, part time, but if my older sister got a job stuffing envelopes and things like that—that was one of those things—she'd get the other ones in. I forgot what we worked for, but at least we worked.

You were out of law school and were not yet able to take the bar, and this was the Depression?

Oh, yes. It was the Depression, and it was still the Depression when I gave up jobs because I thought it was unfair, you know, if somebody got more money than I.

So, you worked as a volunteer, and you had three other jobs?

Little jobs. I got to one job at seven o'clock in the morning. It was house-to-house selling. You know, they have some of that now, too. I would check them out in the morning and then leave and go over to legal aid. Then Clear Weave would call me there at legal aid.

So when it came time to take the bar, did you have to go back and do some studying in order to pass?

I had to do my own studying, because I couldn't afford to take a review course. My friend Arlene was in a very different situation. She was older. I was the youngest. For a long time I was the youngest. Now, I've become the oldest. Arlene was working for Massachusetts Mutual, which is still in existence, I think, in the mortgage department. She had a car. She had *two* fur coats! One was skunk. [laughter] But we became very good friends.

So, you studied for the bar on your own? You'd just go back and study through your notes and your books?

Well, I really don't remember how I did it, but I studied.

You were the only one of the three women who graduated and passed?

Yes. I was the only one of the three women. One of the boys fainted and never made it! [laughter]

So after you passed the bar, were you able to get a job as an attorney?

Oh, yes. I was in the Federal Land Bank before I passed the bar.

What was your job there?

The legal department. That was during the height of the Depression, and there are a lot of farms in upper New York State. We were doing a lot of chattel mortgages and things of that sort, but then, we also were issuing bonds. I don't quite remember that, but they gave me that to do,

and the man who had been doing it reported me to Mr. Roats, who was the general counsel, because of something I did, which I did out of my good heart. [laughter] I don't recall exactly what this was. I guess people held bonds, and then they would send them in to cash them or something. Now, this woman lived in Middle America. It was a freezing winter. She had no way to get to a notary. Based on what she'd written and all, I decided we could do that for her, to give her the money and with understanding.

So you were the only woman among all male lawyers at this job?

Yes. There were five males and me, because I can even name them now, but we don't need to do that. The general counsel, Mr. Roats, who was our counsel, as well, was counsel for all of the Federal Land Banks and was based in Springfield, Massachusetts. He gave me what I suppose was a promotion or whatever that was, took that away from one of the male lawyers, Chauncey—I still remember that name—and gave me the work to do these bonds.

So was it Chauncey who reported you, then?

Yes. Whether it had to go through him, or how he knew, I don't know. So the counsel, Mr. Roats, called me in, and I explained to him what I've just said about this little, old lady, who couldn't get to town or wherever. What a nice man he was! He understood that, and he made me understand that not everybody felt about these things the same way I did, and possibly even he did, but we had to do it this way. He commended me, I think, for

my feeling, but he had to talk to me in order to set me straight. You know, this was an organization.

Another young lawyer, Bill Young, at some point while I was there, came to work. He came from one of the other New England states, and I was to be his teacher. At some point Roats called me into his office and said to me that this was the time when they talked about raises. There was a board of directors, and he asked the same raise for each of us, for Young and myself, but they would only give me half the raise of what they gave Young.

So the board made the decision about the raise?

Well, Mr. Roats asked for the same amount, but they wouldn't do that.

Did you find out why?

Well, Mr. Roats called me down to talk to me about it. So, what a nice man! I said, "Well, I'd like to have some days off."

He said, "What are you going to do?"

I said, "I want to go to Boston to see if I can get a job."

He said, "No. Don't do that. You're too young. You just have to stay here for about three years. Then you can have my job." [laughter] What he meant was, "You have to get older."

He gave me some days off, and that's what happened, but before I left, the vice president called me down and urged me to stay.

I said I didn't think it was fair. I taught this guy what he knew, and he could get a raise—not in that language.

So they said, “Well, but he can go out in the field.” That was the reasoning. As a man, he could go into the field.

I really didn’t know what you did out in the field, but my answer was, “I can go, too.” But they wouldn’t do that. They wanted to keep me, but they wouldn’t give me the same raise they gave Bill Young. So I left. I went to Boston. I won’t go through all the detail of that, but I wonder now how I had the guts to do it. I went to Hale and Dorr to see if I could have a job. Hale and Dorr was a top law office and well known. They’re connected with Northeastern now, and they’re the law firm from which Mr. Jenkins came. Remember the man that caused all that ruckus about communism—McCarthy? Well, they had a trial, and Mr. Jenkins from Hale and Dorr was representing the army. I believe it was in opposition to McCarthy. Everyone remembers what Mr. Jenkins said, and I’m not sure I can remember it correctly now, but at some point McCarthy attacked, as a communist, a young lawyer in *his* firm, Mr. Jenkin’s firm, Hale and Dorr of Boston, which was a prestigious firm. McCarthy accused the young man, because he was, or had been, a member of the more liberal bar. I can’t remember the name of the other bar in Boston, but it wasn’t the American Bar Association. Then that’s when Jenkins said, “Sir, have you no decency? Have you no decency, at long last?” He really took him to task to try to attack somebody, a young man in our firm about being a communist. This was about communism, you know. “Have you no decency? But, sir” I mean, that was such a thing. We all watched it on TV. We were all listening to that. It was very thrilling. The *world* watched! It was the way he said it: “Sir, have you no decency?”

That's the end of the road. Of course, the firm had no openings, but they sent me to the law firm for which I did work, Tyler, Eames, and Reynolds. They also sent me to Harvard to talk to one of the law professors who was doing a book on torts. It was so exciting! However, it was a part-time job, and I couldn't afford to do that.

At Tyler, Eames, and Reynolds there was a staff of thirteen secretaries—maybe not thirteen—but each lawyer there was a specialist and had his own secretary. Again, they told me, "If you go into the secretarial pool, we'll let you come and work with a lawyer, and at the end of the year we'll give you a raise." The man I was assigned to was a very nice man, and I learned some stuff, and I won't go through the detail.

You couldn't get a job as an attorney? You had to get the job as a secretary to get started?

To begin with. Yes.

Did the men have to do that?

Of course not! [laughter]

I didn't think so. OK. [laughter]

But those were the days. I mean, you know.

That was the only way you could get a foot in the door, to get started?

Yes. There was a woman manager, and I really was still kind of a dopey person, but, apparently, she was having something to do with the top of the legal staff—

you know, the senior member. I wasn't getting it all, but I was getting something. It was kind of running by me. Anyway, she did hire me. I only saw Mr. Eames twice in a year. When I went to see about my raise at the end of the year, again, the raise was minimal. I decided to leave that job, too. Again, they tried to keep me, which is so interesting, when you think about it. It was only a few dollars a month or a week, and this was a prestigious firm, for God's sake! The lawyers they *did* hire were the top people coming out of Harvard. So for me to be there was great. I learned a lot and had good associations.

So, overall, it was a good experience, but again it wasn't exactly practicing the law?

Well, I did some of that when my lawyer got sick, and I didn't know what to do, really. You know, I hadn't had that experience. It was a probate. So I just found an old file and followed it, and he came back and just thought I was great. Well, I hadn't had that kind of an experience, doing probate, something like that, but all of it is a learning experience.

So again, there was a question of, "Please stay. This is a good place for you." It's the middle of the Depression. I guess they never dreamed I would get up and walk! But they wouldn't do what they said they were going to do. It wasn't a very good raise. That's what was the matter with it. Then he said, "What are you going to do?"

I said, "Well, my father is out West, and I want to go cross-country."

So then he tells me how, when he was out of law school, he went on a bicycle tour through Europe, but I was old enough now to think, "Why are you telling me that garbage? You know, I'm in the secretarial pool. I'm

not on the same level as you. I'm not going to Europe to go around."

Well, here I was. You know, I had to work as I went along, and I did work as I went along. Anyway, so that's how I first came to Reno. I thought, "Well, Depression or no Depression, I can get across country. I'll visit with my father." Then I had heard of the national parks. So I thought they belonged to me, you know. They were national parks; they were for all the people. I got myself to Yellowstone before coming to Reno. I forgot what it cost to get in, but it was a lot of money at that time for me. So I thought, "That's something else." But I went through that. Then I went to San Francisco and got a job with the secretary of the bar, and that person knew it was just temporary, for however long it would be. I don't even remember what I did. I did letters and stuff like that.

Then I said I had gone to Yellowstone; I would now like to go to work in Yosemite. I thought I would write to the president of Yosemite, and the secretary of the bar dissuaded me. He said, "You're too old. They only take college kids." I didn't have the money. You know, I would have managed somehow, but I wanted a job. Well, the long and short of it is, I wrote to Dr. Tresidder, who became president of Stanford during that time. He was married to the daughter of the Currys, who started the commercial system for the Yosemite National Park. Dr. Tresidder sent a wire offering me a job as his secretary, but that would have been a permanent job, which I didn't want. I wanted to work in Yosemite, and since I had learned that the national parks are *not* for the people

Not open to the people unless they have money?



"I ended up in the curio shop at Yosemite, and I was a little older than most of the kids. That was one of the best summers of my life. I came a second summer."



Part of the Arley family at Yosemite. L to R, back row: Charlotte's older sister Miriam, her Aunt Helen, Charlotte, and her father. Ann, Charlotte's younger sister, is in front.

Well, you could camp or whatever, but this was all new to me, anyway. Looking back, you know, I did very well for myself, but I was to understand later. At that time my goals were to see my father, the national parks, Tahiti, and go home to New England. That's what I wanted to do. I wanted to get to Tahiti. In those days, oh, boy, Tahiti! Before I went to Yosemite I went to Canada and on to Alaska on a freighter, which was the only way to go then. The freighter took a few passengers. That was another great experience.

I ended up in the curio shop at Yosemite, and I was a little older than most of the kids. That was one of the best summers of my life. I came a second summer. After the first summer, I just stayed on in the campground for a time, never understanding I was subject to being attacked. People were in the park, and I was in a tent by myself. I was just so stupid—not stupid—naive. I loved it. We hiked all over that area. This was before the war. It was 1936-1937, because I left Boston about 1936-1937. I think I was about twenty-six then.

After I had left San Francisco and Yosemite I went to Hawaii. I had planned to go to Tahiti and then return to New England, but the war broke out. I had just come back from Hawaii. I had friends in Los Angeles, and I had stayed with those friends earlier. The war broke out, so I stayed in Los Angeles for a while and did legal work on a temporary basis. I had left Hawaii immediately before the war broke out. I think I was in the last boatload of passengers out. I remember the blackouts, and everybody put the shades down.

Did you ever get to Tahiti?

No, that was it.

You just worked in temporary positions in law offices in Los Angeles, then?

Yes, because I didn't plan to stay there. Then I returned to Reno.

How did you decide to settle in Reno and practice law here?

I had thought that it was because of a cousin who had come East, but he also came to Reno, simply because I was here. I thought it was because of him, but I was looking at some of my notes, and I had done work in the law office of Craven and Busey. It was Douglas A. Busey for whom I worked, more than for Mr. Craven. Thomas O. Craven became a judge. I was doing research on the Sullivan/Fitzgerald extradition case for Mr. Busey. At two a.m. in the law library I found a very early case in which one of the issues was that the "slave" under the law was "found" to be a chattel! That had a tremendous effect on me. I sat there stunned! I had never really thought of it that way.

It was Mr. Busey who sort of pushed me into taking the bar. I was out of law school long enough, and it didn't seem like a good idea to try to take the bar without being refreshed. So that's what it was. I was promised that I would have a place in the office. Unhappily, Busey died. In any event, I was all set to take the bar review, especially because Mr. Busey thought there'd be no question that I would pass.

Was there a way to do the review?

Oh, yes. Witkin. Witkin is known as the father of California law. Witkin is not my relative, but we have relatives in common, but that's not why I went. [laughter] Witkin did the bar review. He has since given that up. So that's kind of interesting, too. There were classes at night. I would study during the day. I lived at one of the residences for women. While I was there, I had a letter from Mr. Busey—I think they're called "Dear John" letters—in which it was indicated that there was physically no space for me in the office, but, of course, I knew what that was about. It wasn't Mr. Busey; it was Thomas Craven, who became Judge Craven.



"It was Mr. Busey who sort of pushed me into taking the bar."
Charlotte, after taking the bar exam, in an office on Center Street above what used to be the Bonanza Casino.

He didn't want you to come back?

I was a woman. Of course, they took another person who happened to be a male, but I never would have gone to take the bar, except that I had a place, and it was lined out, the kind of work I would do immediately, and then go from there.

Were there other women practicing law in Nevada at that time?

Well, here there was Felice Cohn. My friend Margaret Bailey was a member of the bar, but she didn't actively practice. She took cases involving friends and that kind of thing.

So you got the "Dear John" letter and passed the bar?

Passed the bar. Then when I came to Reno, we only had two district court judges. Judge Maestretti and Judge McKnight. Judge Maestretti sent me to see Judge Priest, but Judge Priest was not a judge on the bench. He used to go to the rural communities or outlying communities. Sometimes Judge Maestretti thought that would be a good thing, that I would be able to hold down the office for myself, and he would go on his way, so I did that.

So, you kind of got passed around until they found a place for you, basically?

Well, when I came back from San Francisco, it was a great disappointment. I took space. That's what I did. I had space in Judge Priest's office.

So you were doing your own practice, just using that office space?

Yes, and I would cover for him while he was doing something else.

So was that the only option open to a woman attorney at that time, to have your own practice?

It would seem like it, wouldn't it? [laughter] Well, I had substituted earlier in some of the law offices, I mean, because there really weren't other women, except for Felice Cohn and Margaret Bailey. There's no way of judging that. It was just that I had to do something about myself, and because Judge Maestretti was a good enough judge to sort of take me under his wing and arrange this, why not, you know? I got my stationery done, and we had my name on the window, and I thought I was all set. We put the announcement in the paper. That's when I got a letter, and that's when the man with a shoe box full of make-believe twenty dollar bills showed up. [laughter]

Did this case come along while you were in Judge Priest's office?

Yes, because I made an announcement in the paper, you know, "Charlotte Arley," something . . . opening an office . . . whatever. So having seen that, this man wrote me a letter. Naturally, I went to see him at the jail. It was a criminal matter. He was charged with manufacturing money. I felt I owed him the courtesy of coming to see him, anyway, and when I told him I would have to get him another lawyer, which I'd be glad to do, because I didn't

know anything about criminal law, he said, "Don't worry about it. I'll teach you." [laughter]

Oh. So he was a criminal with a law background?

Yes! [laughter] Just about. He made a map of where he had planted some gold or something, counterfeit, or whatever. Two of my friends went out somewhere in the desert south of Los Angeles, and they swear somebody got there first, so they left. So he must have passed the word. That map is in this album somewhere.

So you practiced both criminal and civil cases?

Yes. We were a small town, population about 25,000. We did have divorces, but not like now. The big-money divorces went to the two firms, primarily. I don't want to say it that way, but lawyers would look for the divorces. The people would come in on the train. I mean, today it's different. [laughter]

Yes, but the divorce business was a good business for attorneys?

Well, depending on what the case was.

Especially the wealthy?

Yes. I can tell you another story in reference to Judge Priest's office. This was now during the war, or during that period, and you couldn't get telephones. So I tied my home phone into Judge Priest's office phone line, with permission, which meant I could take the calls at home. Someone from New York was trying to get ahold of Priest

one evening. Finally, I said, "You don't need to call again, because I'll see that Judge Priest calls you when he gets in." This was in the evening, and I got the message to give Judge Priest at his home. Anyway, the next day, Judge Priest told me I could take my time, but I would have to find another place, because his wife . . . I'm not going to say, "didn't think it was appropriate." She didn't know me. I didn't know her. I'm not going to say any more about that.

But that was the reason?

She didn't want a woman in the office. Yes. So out of respect to Judge Priest, I had my own view about that situation, but, of course, it was very unsettling. I had just done my stationery, and that was costly. So I hadn't had a chance to settle in. I was so unsettled that I went across the street to the theater to see *Forever Amber*. [laughter] Bert Goldwater was in the line just ahead of me, and he just sensed something was wrong, but I just didn't want to talk about things until, finally, I did tell him. So he was with Judge Lunsford at that time, and he took me in. I used his little office, and he used the judge's office until the judge, who was in New York, came back.

That's when the robbery case came. I remember saying to Bert that the youngest of three robbers wanted me to represent him. Well, I said, "He told me what he did, so how can I represent him?" So I got an early lesson from Bert, that it isn't my job to determine his guilt or innocence. My job was to represent him in the best way I could. I learned very quickly! We got a lot of publicity about that case. Two police officers had come to the hotel where three robbers were, but those policemen, unhappily, came to the door unarmed. The oldest of the

three robbers woke from sleep, and they just shot. They killed both police officers. Yes, that was terrible. That was a case that was picked up by the then radio people. There was no TV then. They made it into a “drama.”

So it was in the news a lot—in the newspaper and on the radio?

Oh, yes. Well, the three young men escaped from Walla Walla, Washington and got down here. They stole a car. So that was that case. My client was very happy, and I haven’t read the papers, but the effect of it was how well I had done. They all had to go to Carson, but I don’t recall what the sentence was for the oldest boy, and the next boy. To me, they really weren’t boys, you know, young men. Anyway, I did the best, the paper reported, because my client only got *forty* years. They all were out of the Nevada prison later, because they were paroled at some point.

I wanted to talk about some of your other memorable cases that came along while you were practicing during that time.

Well, from a lawyer’s point of view, the Crosby case . . . it was *Crosby v. NIC*, which used to be the state insurance for industrial accidents, that type of thing. That was a case where the idea of odd lot cases We had not had something like that in the law in our cases, which was introduced in that Crosby case. That went up on appeal, and I won it on appeal.

Unhappily, the black business came in. Crosby was a pastor, and he was a big man, and to earn his living, he worked at Gray Reid, which was our only large depart-

ment store. He and another employee were either going up some stairs or down some stairs with a refrigerator, and it began to slip. So in order to save the other fellow, Crosby, however he was handling it, injured his back severely.

We have to go back for people who didn't live here—it's not understandable. We were small. This man was really a nice man. He was a pastor, but as I said, that didn't bring him any money. The churches paid almost nothing, just the collections. So he was allowed to stand on the courthouse steps, because people were coming here to be married, and anyone who would use his services would pay him tips, and that was a way of earning some money, and it was accepted.

NIC (Nevada Industrial Compensation) gave him a partial disability rating. The law has changed since that case. In that time disability was "disability to earn." Now it's for physical disability. Oh, by the way, Paul Laxalt was the attorney at that time for NIC. Then Paul Laxalt and I were good friends. You know a lot of these people. I think that by the time we were through, there were two or three other lawyers in this case from NIC. My thinking has to be that compensation was based on the fact that NIC held that he was able to work. This odd lot case really says, in effect, if you can earn only pennies, that's not working. It has to be a marketable skill for which you could be hired in the same way as anybody else, not because you made a couple of bucks on taking people to be married. They couldn't use that as a measure. That was one thing. I think Charlie Merrill was on the supreme court then. He went to the Ninth Circuit; unhappily, he died. Very nice man. That case was just about the same time that I was married. I had the luxury of being able to work all day in the library if I wanted to. So I dug up a lot

of English law. That's the time that Charlie Merrill came over to congratulate me. The court lawyers used to lunch at The Senator, across the street from the supreme court. My husband, Jacques, had come to the hearing, and you would think my husband had just won Megabucks or something.

So you did win, and there was a lot of publicity on this case, also?

Yes. There was publicity.

Was that usual for there to be a lot of publicity on the court cases at that time, or were these exceptional?

Maybe. Well, I came back and forth for this case, the paper said, seven different times to Reno from Seattle, where I was living with my husband.

Pastor Crosby saw doctors in San Francisco?

Well, the NIC would send them there. I think they were at Stanford.

And some of them were accusing him of what?

Malingering. Of course, you know, you can't help but think the fact that he was black, especially in those days, had something to do with it. Well, how much money could he get from NIC, anyway? So the issue was that he was entitled to total disability, and we got all of that. We got back pay and then payments for the rest of his life. Unhappily, he died too early. He was a big man. He was diabetic.

Now, how did you come to this case?

I was just a nice person. I belonged to NAACP early on. I'm not sure if that's how he came to me. Maybe it was from being at the courthouse. Oh, somewhere I have a picture of Paul Robeson. It must be in all those clippings.

One of the things we've been referring to is a scrapbook that Kathleen Noneman fixed for you with some clippings from early cases, and we've been referring to some of those. Were there others? I know that a lot has been written about the "Petticoat Trial."

Of which I am very sick. It has nothing to do with petticoats. I like the clothes I used to wear, so I will say that. [laughter]

The whole thing was labeled, the "Petticoat Trial." Why?

Two women trial lawyers. Well, the truth is poor Nada Novakovich is not here, and Gordon Rice is not here, but the truth is, this was Gordon's client, the client who pushed my client off the bar stool. She was a monied woman, but she was an alcoholic—I think that's in that piece—which was very unusual. She never appeared. I think that's why the doctors were there. I think there were *six* of them. Fred Anderson was one of her doctors (also Gordon's and mine). They were concerned what her behavior might be. Well, I never met her, never saw her.

The doctors testified instead?

That's how Nada came into that case. This is fair to say. Most of us were good friends. I remember walking into Gordon's office, and he said to me (I hope in good English), "Whom are you associating?"

I said, "No one. Are you?" All due respect to Gordon, he had a lot of ego—the idea that he would try a case which many of us thought was unworkable. So he assigned that to Nada Novakovich.

To a woman?

Yes. I did ask him. I said, "Are *you* associating?"—to that effect. "Are you associating someone?"

He said, "Well, yes."

I immediately said, "A woman?"

"Yes."

Nada was quite new. So during the breaks and during the lunch periods, the doctors and she would go back to consult with Gordon. [laughter] Well, he became a judge, but all of us who knew Gordon Rice knew he had a lot of ego. On the small chance that I could win against him, the fact is, he had someone in his office who should not have talked to me about that. This man had served with Gordon in the war, and Gordon brought him here for a while. He was also from Massachusetts. So I got these little tidbits from him. He once said to me very naively, "Aren't you afraid to try a case against him?"

I answered, "Well," I said, "I have the law." You know, that's it. Why am I going to be afraid of him? But that's how it was. So that was the whole thing. That was not Nada's case, initially.

There was just enough concern about being defeated by the woman? That would still have been a big issue, then?

Oh, yes. For Gordon, anyway. I think some of the other lawyers, maybe not. I mean, Paul Laxalt still got on to where he went to court, even though I beat him. [laughter]

Didn't slow down his career?

But again, he came of immigrant parents, and he met my husband during that time, and that was kind of nice. [laughter] So there were other parts of it.

So it was called the "Petticoat Trial" just because it was two women lawyers?

That's all. Yes, that's all. I was from New England, and so I normally dressed accordingly, you know, in what I would call as appropriate, or in good taste, but no one really sees me in a suit anymore. I got very tired of wearing suits, because that seemed to be appropriate. Nada came in—she was very slender—with high heels and a slinky dress, cut down the back, with long earrings. I thought, "Oh, gee!" You know. My own reaction. I have to say this.

Some of the men came to watch, you know, because there weren't the women who could come. So the men came. The Dickerson family—one was a governor, and the sons were lawyers, that kind of thing—they came. Mrs. Dickerson was in charge of the library then, and I came in about something. She said to me, "Oh, one of the men just came in and said what lovely hands you have." [laughter]

You know what I said? "Well, I really was working very hard. This is my first jury trial, and all they care about is my hands?" [sound of pounding table] Big changes. There have been big changes since that time.

Oh, the women now! Margo Piscevich is, I think, a tremendous lawyer. Of course, it's not like that now. It was different. Just was different.

You were kind of paving the way for other women?

Well, if I were paving the way, I would get a little more attention now. So I think I was pretty much on my own, right?

It wasn't something you were doing consciously?

Oh, no. Oh, not at all. You have to remember, I really was on my own.

You needed the income?

Of course, I did. That was my way of earning my income. I was trained for that. Who had time to think about "someday?" [laughter] I think I said something like, "If I'd known people were going to ask me these things, I would have been in good order. I would have kept all the things. I would have made a big deal out of it." Nada had a wall of awards.

You know, there was a piece in the paper. Oh! That's when Kathleen Noneman was going to do this, and I said, "I really don't want to do anything about that case in my interview with Kathleen, unless I can talk to Nada Novakovich." You'll forgive me for saying this. That's how I was. Nada wasn't talking to anybody by then, because of her own embarrassment. Then I was able to talk to her. At first, she didn't seem to want any of that.

Notoriety? Attention?

Yes. So when I told her what it was really about, she changed her mind and said, "No, no," you know, "OK." So we did it, and then she called me up and said, "You didn't get six thousand. I have the clippings to show that, and you better come over." She wasn't seeing a lot of people then.

You started telling me a very interesting story about an experience that you had with Soroptimists.

Yes. Soroptimists is a group, at least at that time, where, primarily, business and professional women were involved. In those days many of the business women were involved in boarding houses because of our divorce laws. We had many out-of-state people coming, and they needed a place to be. So, primarily, those were some of the business women then. Ted Carville's wife was one of the members, so I can't say it was just the boarding house ladies. (Ted Carville was an attorney, whose father held some high offices, such as senator or governor.)

Well, let's go back to the beginning. My father had some involvement, not financially, with the El Cortez Hotel, which then was only our second hotel in Reno. One of the secretaries at the El Cortez belonged to Soroptimists, and since I had just been admitted to the bar, and she knew who I was, she pressured me over a period of time to come and join. I normally am not a joiner, but ultimately, because of her, I joined Soroptimists. Out of respect to the El Cortez, really, because of my father, I finally went. Well, it was interesting to me, because each of us had to have a little slogan, and my slogan was, "I'm going to practice until I become perfect." First you sang the song, and then you did that. Then you each put a dime or whatever, and then

you each had to say something that had to do with what your background was. So I thought I was very clever. You know, "I'm going to practice until I become perfect," right? Then we would sing *America*, and then we would have our meeting. Usually we'd have a speaker, and we had lunch. I guess the dime was for the lunch, I don't recall. In any event, at one of the meetings the speaker referred to the University of Nevada as a hotbed of communists, and because I had done some work at the university as an auditor, I really didn't believe that that was the case. I am not claiming I was an "expert." I just found that objectionable. So I suggested that perhaps we get a speaker with an opposite point of view. That was the first incident. (I later substituted in the business law classes for Louis Skinner at the University of Nevada.)

The next incident was when Raymond Smith came as a speaker. He had started the first gaming casino here, Harolds Club, and had notices all across the country—somebody in a barrel. [laughter]

The little "Harolds Club or Bust" signs all across the country?

He came as a speaker, and again there was talk of communism. Having just come back from Italy, I thought it was interesting to make the comment that I learned there were more communists in Italy than there were in Russia, which was said to be the case. It was because of that that finally I was sent a letter asking me to resign from the Soroptimists—because of my behavior in meetings.

By suggesting that they listen to alternative viewpoints?



"Having just come back from Italy, I thought it was interesting to make the comment that I learned there were more communists in Italy than there were in Russia, which was said to be the case." Charlotte in Florence, Italy, sightseeing at the International Women Lawyers Conference.

Yes, and that I didn't believe there were communists up at the university, I guess, which made *me* a communist. *Because* of that, I learned from somebody who could not withhold telling me what she had heard on the radio, I was being investigated. We had our first little radio shows, and a young woman who had come here for a divorce and was staying in Charlie Dumbroski's house, next to Judge Bartlett's house, for those who care, had become friendly with me. Her lawyer was Lougaris, I think. We had become friendly, and one day she asked me if we could go for a ride and said that she had been hearing, because of her tie to the radio station, that I was being investigated by the sheriff's office—ultimately, the FBI—on the basis of what I'm telling you. There was talk.

Because of those comments in public?

Just those comments. Yes. I feel compelled to add something about what the community was like early on in my practice, and what, if anything, that had to do with, as I put it, being painted with that red or pink brush. Very early in my practice was Eric Williams, who became the first President of Trinidad. His daughter Erica was born in Reno, and was baptized in the church of which Reverend Warner was minister, and I was named her godmother. Erica, now Connel, is her father's "historian."

Eric Williams was a black person and came to me independently. He referred another black person to me—each of them was a Rhode's Scholar. Neither of those two would be served anywhere because of their color. Mr. Williams was living in the home of someone I knew, and so food wasn't a problem. Not so with the person who followed, and for the moment whose name I

don't recall. I was able to place him with Harry Drackert, who had a ranch at Pyramid Lake. I remember Harry's outrage at learning that this special man would not even be served at Woolworth's! I recall that the person from Massachusetts, whom I mentioned earlier as being in Gordon Rice's office, talked to me about my "walking down the street" with the second client. Also, I recall going to Big Bill's place, called, I think, "Little Harlem," so that we could have lunch there without difficulty. Then, of course, for some people, there was Crosby. We, meaning Reno, were held to be very conservative, and it saddens me to remember that past. Black people were not allowed in the casinos until, I believe, an oriental person opened a small place on, I think, Lake Street. But—we've come a long way, baby!

Tell me about what was happening at this time. I mean, were you into the McCarthy era?

Oh, all of us were, at that time.

Nineteen fifty?

Well, I think I told you earlier that when I worked in Boston the first firm to which I went was the firm where Mr. Jenkins was, Hale and Dorr. That's not why I went there, but, ultimately, they sent me to the Tyler, Eames, and Reynolds Law Firm. Later on—and, of course, anybody can get the dates on that—I think the army sued Joe McCarthy, and that was when McCarthy was naming the Un-American Activities Committee and the Hollywood Ten. They can look it up if they want to. [laughter]

Right. But it was all during this time period.

Yes. Yes. So there was that kind of thing, but, gee whiz, I was a young, naïve woman—woman!—and, you know, to paint me with that brush!

Oh, about Robeson. Well, I think I said he had first come here for Community Concerts. Later he came, just after I was admitted, to support Henry Wallace as a third presidential candidate. Paul Robeson was a high-level singer, and ultimately was in movies. Community Concert is what he came here for, but he initially went to Rutgers. I believe he was an All-American football person. I don't have all that information. He stayed at the Riverside, but had to enter by the back way, because he was a black person. Paul Robeson was known for his music, and later for his political views. When, I think back, you know, he was a top law student out of Columbia, could not get a law job in New York, because he was a black man, so he turned to music, which was natural to him. *Old Man River* is tied to him. At some point he did go to Russia. This country, I believe, refused to allow him to enter the United States for a time. I don't have all the facts, because I wasn't that involved at that time, other than I knew who he was, because he came out of my part of the country.

After coming back from Russia, he really tried to get the black people to understand their situation here, that they needed to go forward, and he began to go around the country in that way. So I knew who Robeson was, and when he came with Henry Wallace I was at that meeting. My friend Elvira Fox, Sidney Fox's wife, and I went, among other people. It was a full house. After the introduction and the speeches, contributions were suggested, and I got up and made a contribution for

Wallace. My friend Elvira was pulling on me to sit down. [laughter] She was smarter than I. I mean, she was more aware. Well, she was at some point the head of the Council of Churches, I think, the World Council of Churches. She was very well-read, and she was a different kind of person, really, very literate. You know, I've been fortunate with some of my friends. I think I told you the very next day—I was just newly admitted to the bar—there was a big piece about what went on at this meeting.

In the newspaper?

Oh, yes.

Headlines and everything?

Well, it was a big article. It never occurred to me to cut that out or anything else, but among five named people I was one.

For contributing to that?

Well, the implication was that somehow I was a "Red," or at least a "Pinko," you know. I remember one day walking down Virginia Street. Barbara Vucanovich at that point was married to a lawyer. I'm coming down the street, and he's standing outside the office, and he said to me, "If we go to war, I'll *get you first*." [raps table for emphasis] Can you believe that!? Can you *believe* that!?

Well, fortunately I didn't think that was a very sensible thing. You know, I didn't feel *threatened* by it; I just felt, fortunately, "What's the matter with *you*?" Still, I understood what that was about. So then, somebody

from the FBI came to one of my neighbors. My younger sister, Anne, had been working in Washington, D.C., and I think, actually, they came to check her credentials, but my neighbor immediately thought they were looking for somebody who was a communist. She said, "Oh, *not* Anne. Charlotte!" [laughter, raps table for emphasis] This is my *friend*!

You were labeled everywhere you turned.

Yes. So that was not the best time of my life; it was really very difficult.

What actually took place then when the Soroptimists asked you to leave?

After they sent me the letter asking me to return their pin, I wrote them a letter telling them, "You never gave me a pin." I asked what my behavior was, that they had to spell it out, and when I said we were going to go by the rules, we set up a hearing according to the by-laws. I had asked Cliff Young Sr., not Junior, if he would come with me, because he certainly was without blemish. He was a Young Turk, which, if one doesn't know what that is—you know, the Young Republican, Leslie Gray. I just asked him to come with me for the hearing, which he did. (I fixed the best steak dinner for him first!) I asked him not to say anything, just to *be* there. We went on with that until they asked me to drop the whole thing because of what it was doing to *them*.

So they asked you to drop this hearing, which was actually in the by-laws, is that correct?

Oh, yes. Yes. Just forget the whole thing now.

At that point were they willing to let you remain a member?

I don't really recall that. I wouldn't have remained a member. That's one of the things I said to them openly. One of the people who was a Soroptimist worked in the basement of the courthouse mimeographing, and she would come and tell us funny stories about what went on and what she did there, and she would make some of those copies for us. I believed that we were friends. I would have thought if I embarrassed them in some way, or if they thought I didn't have what it took to be a member, they would come and say to me, "Charlotte, you shouldn't say this. You shouldn't say that."

I said it makes me think of—and I can't think of her name now—of that person, who we know is using courthouse time to do these things, which is not appropriate. We certainly would say to her—I think her first name was Ellen—we would say, "Ellen, this is cute, but we think this is not appropriate." We certainly wouldn't begin to get her out of the courthouse.

Well, that just did it. So I got a call from the president, or whoever she was, asking me did I realize that everybody was so upset and getting so nervous. I said, "Well, you can understand, then, how I feel."

The interesting thing here was there was a Rabbi Treiger whose *wife* was just a wonderful and bright woman. In those days we had public debates. I have to say our temple started that, and I remember Miles N. Pike, an attorney, who was such a wonderful man. I believe he went on to our supreme court during the time that I lived away from Reno. I think the library had an

auditorium, or we must have had another place which they tore down for other uses, but Mrs. Treiger would take part in the community discussions, and she would get applause all the time. So I approached her as to what was right to do. I talked to my friend Elvira, Sidney Fox's wife. I talked to the then wonderful pastor at the church on Plumas at the corner of Reno Avenue. He was a minister, and I had that feeling about, you know, it's touchy, and that was *such* a nightmare cloud over me, the kind of atmosphere. I think his name was Warner, a wonderful man, and he just said to me, "You know what you have to do," and that did it. That did it. This man listened to me, and I told him how I felt. Well, you know, that's what he said, "You know what you have to do."

What do you think he meant by that?

Oh, just get in there and *fight* it. Not just say, "Forget it." No, no. That's what you've got to do. So I went through to the time of where they were going to call a meeting, but I just had my own meeting with them, and I just resigned. It was such a bad experience. Partly, as I say, I think you have to look at the group of people. All due respect, but just to tell you they're going to get you out without their by-laws and all this. That was not a pleasant experience.

Did you feel isolated in other ways because of this experience?

Not isolated. I'm not going to name that lawyer out of a so-called prestigious firm at this point trying to make me admit or deny I was a communist, and made a comparison between Nada and myself. I have to tell you

about Sam Bull, who has his own history [laughter] Sam Bull—I will love him forever. I’ve learned to talk about love in that way since I’ve become an adult. [laughter] When I grew up you didn’t say you loved a man. You didn’t even say you loved a woman, because I couldn’t say, “My friend Margaret Bailey, I dearly love her.” But you do *say* that now.

We were at one of the bar meetings, and Sam Bull came over and heard what was happening, and to his credit—as I look back—he just said to me, “I’m taking you home.”

That really touched you.

“You’re not going to listen to this crap.” [crying] My reaction is not about them; it’s about him—and he had enough trouble of his own. Huh!

Yet he was willing to go to bat for you?

Oh, he was involved himself, because of what Sam is like. He responded by letter to a client in prison about Judge Foley Sr., and the sheriff intercepted that letter, opened it, and, you know, said what was almost out. [laughter]

And what was that about?

Sam Bull had represented this man who went to prison, and the prisoner was kind of complaining from the prison, and Sam said something about Judge Foley, the sentencing judge, that wasn’t altogether complimentary.

And the letter was intercepted?

By one of the sheriffs, you know. So I mean, Sam had his own problems. He certainly didn't need to take me on, you know.

But he was very good about protecting you at that point?

Yes. Yes. Well, anyway, after awhile that went away, you know, and I really got involved in my law practice. That was early on. That was very early on.

Right after you passed the bar, right?

Yes, because I had only been admitted shortly before Mr. Robeson came here. This was just before that, so that wasn't a very good thing.

You said you weren't a joiner. Were there other groups that you were involved in in Reno?

No. (Well, I did join the ACLU in Boston. I do pay dues through Reno.) I didn't even become involved in the temple. Well, it's either a synagogue or a temple. I didn't join that for quite awhile in my own life, I think, because my parents during that period had had no religious life, or any other life, in Russia. Well, my mother celebrated all the holidays and kept what we call a kosher home. (Kosher means clean.) My mother, in my memory, went to the synagogue on a high holiday once and took me. My father *never* went. So even though I was brought up in a Jewish home—and there's no question about my Jewishness—I wasn't part of going to the synagogue until I came here. We had the Jewish holidays off in school,

and what the kids did, they'd congregate outside the synagogue and not go in.

So, it was through the person who was the employer, so to speak, of that Petticoat Trial situation. "Scotty" worked for my friend, Edith Friedman, who through me attained the patent on the one-armed bandits, "Characters" slot machines. There are a few at the Liberty Belle. I had a car. In those days women—a lot of women—didn't have cars. It was still kind of new. So Edith would ask me to dinner at her home, and then I would drop her and her children at the synagogue. I wasn't understanding it, but what she was doing was manipulating me. [laughter] Then she asked me to come in. The fact is, I spoke to Mrs. Treiger, and I suggested that I questioned many things, and I thought I should talk to her about it before I really became a member of the congregation, and she made some comment about, "That's what your Jewishness is about. You will be a great" [raps the table, laughter]

So questioning was good, right?

Yes. Yes. [laughter] I think we're known for that, anyway. You know, you grow up that way in your home, anyhow. So these are pleasant memories for me, and I've gone from there.

It just seems to me like you had a little bit of a rough start in Reno. I mean, you were one of only three women who had passed the bar at that time.

I was the only one in Reno. Emily Wonder and Nelle Price were from Las Vegas. They've made a distinction of women who have been *admitted*, but never practiced. I

was one of the first three *practitioners*. People who practice law. So there were others who passed the bar. They were admitted to the bar, but they didn't actually practice. Some left the state right away, or somebody's brother or father was a lawyer, but they were not practicing attorneys.

But your livelihood, your income, depended on that?

At that time. I'm emphasizing, "At *that* time."
[laughter]

You were just starting out, and you had a couple of strikes against you with the Soroptimists and some of the members of the bar, but were you able to make a living with your cases?

That's where my living came from. My father offered some money, but I didn't see how I could pay it back, so I didn't take it. [laughter] About the time I was admitted—well, during that period and before, of course—divorces were the big thing, because a lot of people were coming from back East. Today, you know, we are getting a lot of California people, and it's a very different thing. I was a young woman, which I understood, and I also was Jewish—which didn't show. I could pass, but *I* knew I was Jewish. That combination was a little different, because there were so few women. One of the hotels, the lesser hotels, approached me, because people would stay in those smaller hotels, and if I would do a kickback, they would send me the clients. Well, if I were even going to *think* about it, my situation made that *impossible*. So somebody else was getting the kickbacks, and in the bar it was known. So I look back at that, and

today the practice is . . . somebody is going to ask me about the changes. *Now*, that's just not there. One, I think his name was Davidson. I don't want to say that, but there was a lawyer who had an established practice, and he was suspended because, I think, when the trains came in the train people and cab drivers would send these people, and then they'd get a kickback. Yes, because if you came from New York, you were good pay. Today is different.

The bar approached me—the bar meaning somebody involved with the bar—and offered Mr. Davidson's practice to me during the time he was suspended, but because of my own feeling about my situation, which I've already expressed, I wasn't sure. The bar made it OK, but that wasn't enough for me. I still thought if I made some little error or something, I'd be tainted, and I passed that by, but my friend, C.B. Tapscott, with whom I became friendly, took over that practice. That was my thinking. It probably would have been my thinking anyway, but it's just that I was very much aware, and to this day, I think a lot of the attorneys don't even know I'm a Jewish person, except I was one of the Golden Girls at the temple. So it was my own reaction to my own situation.

Not only do you have your own ethical guidelines about things like kickbacks, but you have a particular passion about the law. Can you tell me a little bit about that? You were talking about a case that you were looking at in a newspaper clipping, and it brought to mind how much you care about the law.

I *think* what I was trying to say is that knowing the law—reading the law, doing research—was more meaningful to me than anything else, and I was a good

researcher. Today, you know, I wouldn't have to make a different beginning, because so much is available, but as *I* grew up in the law, it was the law library. I still have in my nostrils the smell of leather-covered law books. [raps table three times] My first experience in a law library was while I was in law school: the Hampden County Law Library in Springfield, Massachusetts. As we would say today—an awesome experience! I think I've said that Mr. Roats was just out of his class. I mean, here was a man who was trying to guide me, because I was a young woman, and I was entitled to be treated equally. That's a long time ago, but he gave me the law library. I was the librarian at the Federal Land Bank, and I just thought it was like—if you like chocolate or ice cream—a whole tray full. I really thought that. I think one of the things I still have is that love for the law, and so I'm so *grateful*. “Oh, boy! You know what? There I am.” *Oh*, the law library! About 1934-1935, I was admitted to the Massachusetts bar, while I was at the Federal Land Bank. I would have been about twenty-two or twenty-three. Oh, my gosh! I had my work to do, but that was such a prize. Mr. Roats was a different man for his time, so that everybody is not alike. You know that.

Not everybody was treating you equally at the beginning?

Yes. But Mr. Roats is the man who told me that I was getting half the raise of another person who came after me. This is, you know, a little bit about life: you don't know where you're going, but because of some small thing [raps on table] or something that seems not very important, your way of life is changed, your “journey,” so to speak. It's because of your language. On my *journey*, if

he hadn't told me about Bill Young getting twice the raise I got, I was perfectly happy to get the raise I had. I thought that was wonderful, but if this other person got more than I, *solely* because he was a male, not because he was brighter than I, I knew enough then to know I was brighter than he. You know, *that* was it. That pushed me to get another place, although Mr. Roats said to me, "You're too young. [raps on table] You just stay here for three years, and then you can go because you're not going to" Looking back, that's *amazing* for that time, because I was very early twenties. So that changed my life. The fact that this *high-class* Boston firm didn't keep its word to give me two dollars more a week or a month, that made me come to Reno, you know, to come see my father. That changed my life.

It's interesting to me that in both cases it was injustices that changed your life.

Yes, and they were to most people a very small injustice. It was a very small amount of money. Compared to what the cost of living was, it was OK, but two dollars then, comparatively, was a *very* small amount. In both cases it was a small amount to keep me. In each case I was urged to stay, but wouldn't do that, because that half a raise was solely because I was a woman. I just didn't think that was fair. [My work at each of these places was deep in the Depression, so maybe I wasn't so bright after all, giving up good jobs in the Depression.] I'm grateful that I didn't grow up to believe I was a lesser mentality because I was a girl. And how that would happen in a family with that European background, a father, with three girls, before my brother came along, without lecturing, without whatever—he

never let us for one minute think we were lesser. It never happened. We just knew that we were supposed to be this way and that our lives were supposed to go that way. So in retrospect—of course, you don't know that early on—there was *never* any question about what we could do. There was no comparison, "You're only a girl."

That emphasis that you were equal as you were growing up really helped you?

Well, it never was said we were equal.

Wasn't said, but it was like a part of things?

It was better. Yes. I just have to think that maybe the Sherman girls, particularly Susan, may have been helpful in that kind of thinking. I don't know. I just don't know. They were my cousins. They were here before my people came. But wherever it came from, I was the only girl on the street who could play pickey with the boys the boys' way. Now, how that came about, I don't know. The other girls had to do it the girls' way. I don't *know* where that came from. I really don't know.

What is that game? Let's take a little side trip.

You shave a piece of wood that's about how long, like that? What's that, a few inches?

Yes, three or four inches.

Yes. At each end you shave it down to a point. The boys would take a stick. Yes, you take a stick, and you hit it at this end, and it pops up, and then you hit it like that,

and the rest of it I don't remember, but the girls would have to hold the pickey and do that.

The boys made it pop up off the ground and then hit it, is that right?

Yes, but I was the only girl on the street who did it that way. I can't tell you how that happened.

Maybe you could tell me a little bit about how you met your husband, and about the period of time that you were away from Reno.

Actually, I met Jacques Arley because of my friendly disposition. It was the high holidays, and our Temple used to be on West Street, the Temple Emanuel, which was the conservative temple. It's now off of Lakeside. It was normal. We were such a small community.



"[From my parents] there was never any question about what we could do. There was no comparison, 'You're only a girl.'" Charlotte and her brother, Sam.

I'm going to get something else into here. There's Despena Hatton who is the attorney for the senior services. She is law director of senior services. She never knew her grandmother, but I knew her grandmother—Greek. Despena needs to be Greek. But anyway, the grandmother would come with one of the other women to Temple. She just liked to come. So there was a group of us who kind of sat together, and we were a small community, again. So at the end of service we'd all just greet each other and so forth, and you always shook hands with the rabbi as you left, but we always knew when there was a stranger. We were that small.

So at this particular time we went downstairs, and I knew this man was not part of the community. He was standing aside. We were downstairs. We would just chat afterward, and I said to him, "Come and join us." Little did I know his background. He was a French European named Jacques Arley, and he had a lot of ego, I'm telling you. I think he lived it down, finally. He thought I was making what we call a pass! [laughter] Anyway, he was glad to join us, and that's how I met him. Jacques was in Reno for awhile, but he was a very ambitious man, and Reno didn't hold any future for him. He came to this country after the war. He was in the underground, by the way. His sister and her family had come to this country. Incidentally, this has to do with the times; his brother, who is still alive, wears those numbers.

He was in one of the concentration camps.

Yes, he was in the concentration camp. He was sent to Russia, and the reason he survived, primarily, was that he could work. His work was . . . when they would line up the men and women and shoot them, they would fall into

this pit, and it was my brother-in-law's job to cover the pit. [long pause] Jacques was in the underground. [long pause] Anyway, so having this so close to the home Anyway, he said the war ended in 1945. Well, something else happened, because I was admitted to the bar in mid-1947, so it couldn't have been 1945. I think the war ended in 1945. Well, I remember the parades down the street, but I don't remember why that was. The war was over.

So after synagogue services is when you met your husband, and you invited him to join in a conversation with a group of people?

Yes.

And you knew he was from elsewhere, so what happened after that?

Well, Jacques was here for awhile, and, of course, he began to see me, and then Reno just wasn't for him. The town was a different town. He was a very aggressive top salesperson, and he was so funny about so many things, to me anyway.

What was he selling? What was his work?

He could sell anything. He sold me!

Anything?

He once sold a yacht. [laughter] (If it matters, primarily he was in the sales of heating appliances,

furnaces, at a time when air conditioning was for the first time joined with the heating unit.)

We were entirely different personalities, although we had a lot in common, of course, especially emotionally. Jacques was easily moved. He was a big person, big fellow. I had to learn from my lady friends that he was very attractive. I had to learn that.

Because you didn't know he was attractive?



"[Jacques] was made a better offer in Portland, and that's when I moved to Portland . . ." Charlotte (L) with friends at the Oregon coast.

By “the ladies” meaning he could have done better. So there was some question about why Jacques would marry me. You know, that’s really cuckoo, but he was good at what he did, and so I think he was made an offer at Redwood City. We never went there, though. Finally, he was made a better offer in Portland, and that’s when I moved to Portland, and then we moved to Seattle. Unhappily, he died in Seattle.

There was an item about Dr. Anderson [Fred Anderson] in the paper the other day. This can be an aside, or it could be a warning. I was not yet married to Jacques, but he saw Dr. Anderson, and Dr. Anderson wanted to do some surgery. I can’t think now. What are the organs in the back of the body? A bladder, I think. Anyway, I couldn’t convince him. I wasn’t his wife, and I didn’t know which way that was going to go, anyway. But I look back now, and what he died of was colon cancer. My memory is that Anderson may have said something like that in talking to me, that he really needs to do this.

My husband was a big man. I remember prior to his hospitalization that he was on the x-ray table, having a physical at the doctor’s office, and they called me and said, “He’s left the x-ray table.”

I said, even though I was small compared to him, “We’ll be back tomorrow,” when I was now a wife. Men, it seems to be the case, are less good about medical needs. I’m very good about that. When I saw that item about Dr. Anderson, it brought my memory back to that. Possibly, that was the end result of not having done that surgery earlier. Yes.

So you were away from Reno for how long?

Oh, most of the marriage. Let's say, maybe, fifteen years, maybe a little more, but I never gave up my residence. When we were in Seattle I was finishing that NIC case, and there was some publicity about that, that we had come back six or seven times. When court adjourned we all went to lunch separately, and Charlie Merrill came over to our table. My husband was so European in his manners. He had a lot of respect for the court. I wish we could say that about some of the lawyers. Jacques had such respect for the court, and he immediately got up, and Charlie Merrill came over to say to me how well I had presented the case, and that was pretty nice to hear, but everybody always thought my husband was the lawyer, anyway.

They did because of his demeanor in public?



Jacques and Charlotte Arley with Charlotte's mother at the Riverside Hotel in Reno in 1959.

Yes, he did have a demeanor. Yes. Anyway, that part of it's nice, so some of that was nice.

So you kept your practice going when you were away from it?

Well, I was still involved in certain cases. It made it easier for me, because my husband was a hard worker, as we say, but I was always back home at five o'clock, because from then on I never knew when Jacques would be home. He was an apartment dweller, and the people in the apartment house would know what time it was, because they would see me coming from the library.

So did you practice law in other states, too?

I was admitted to the Massachusetts bar in 1935. Based on that admission I appeared in the police court in New London, Connecticut, and that made the local papers. The judge, or hearing person, was openly flattering.

After we were married, my husband didn't feel a wife should work, but these are just memories, and sometime before he died, he said, "I never should have kept you from your work." By then I had become accustomed to *not* working. [laughter] Well, I did all of *his* work, all of the detail, which left him free, so I was not without enough to do. Also, I had his niece, who was minimally retarded. I had her for a school year. In the school—again women against men—the principal was a male, and his assistant was a male, but the teachers just loved Adele. One of the women was a vice-principal, and the woman who was the teacher had a husband who was a lawyer, and they just ganged up with me to protect Adele from

being put out, and we won against the guys. [laughter] First she and her sister were with us for six weeks after their mother died, Jacques's sister, but then when Adele stayed with us later, my husband was already in the hospital. I didn't think he would die that soon, but it was about ten months from the time he first learned he had colon cancer. I'm still the best friend of that niece. You know, it's not just being a lawyer. It's having a life and relationships that are important.

So after Jacques passed away, then you returned to Reno?

Not immediately. No, it was very hard, and the treatment of women, *I* think, no man would stand for that. You know, women ought to have a lesson in that. I tried to finish up what we had at the bank and this and that. There was an account of some sort with one of the main stores, and so I came into the bank, and it was a woman. My husband had just died, and only because of my own life I could go and say, "We have to finish this, we have to finish that," and went to the bank.

One of them said, "You really don't have to do this," meaning I didn't have to take care of it. I could just ignore it. This woman couldn't have cared *less* that I had just lost a husband.

I thought to myself, "*What* do these women do who don't have my background?" You know, just jumping all over you to make sure they're going to get what little money on some kind of credit thing.

That was a terrible lesson, but, of course, I was up to it, and I wouldn't let anybody bother me about it during that period. I wouldn't anyway, but these are lessons, and I suppose I would like to think that it's changed. I don't

think I ever reported her. That wasn't what I was, but it was such a lesson to me. How *can* you speak like that to somebody who has just lost a spouse? Just the money. "Be sure you pay."

On the other hand, you know, we had just gotten some glasses for my husband, and I was willing to pay for them, even though Jacques had never worn them. They said, "No, we just take the glasses." So, you know, just kindness there, but there are a lot of lessons. I found it very difficult, so it took me a year to come back.

There were also funny experiences—I was in the front of the courthouse, the desk, the counter, and somebody came from the back. Yes, we had a very different set-up. You could go to the files and all that. Carl Hill—his family had one of the first kind of motels on Virginia Street—he comes out, and this is seventeen years later, and he said to me, "Gee, where have you been? I haven't seen you for awhile." [laughter] So I thought, well, you know, I hadn't changed that much in seventeen years. I mean, I thought that, you know, on *funny* little things like that.

So you came back to Reno after a year? Did you set up your practice again, immediately?

No. My mistake was by that time we had some property here and some unfinished business. Oh, that's *one* of my lawsuits that I forgot all about—my own lawsuit. I had only just returned to Reno when I got notice from the state department of transportation (NDOT). I owned some property out at Verdi, partially along the river. That was known, that piece of property, because the wife of the couple who owned it was into gardening, and she worked part-time, and we only had

one flower shop, I think, at that time. It was like a garden. By that time my Sannella cousins were in Petaluma or somewhere, and I'd go back and forth over the hill. Whenever I passed that place I knew I was just about home. I think it's ten miles from town.

It was shortly after we were married that I saw a block ad in the newspaper about it being for sale. The long and short of it is this couple named Davies ran a campground in the season, Memorial Day to Labor Day, and so they lived on the back of a thirteen-acre parcel of land along the southern part of the Truckee. They had two little rental units and a house on what I called the front of the thirteen-acre parcel, bound on the north side by the Old Highway 40. In 1953 the state had bought a portion of the land from the Davies, the owners of the whole piece, for what we would look at as a ridiculous price at this time. The state came off Old Highway 40, across the river a little, to relocate that part of the highway, because there were rocks falling down on the right side of the highway going west. Since the state had bought about four acres through the middle of their thirteen-acre parcel, the Davies were putting the front piece up for sale. I asked my husband if we could go see it. The end result was that we bought more than two acres along the road, Old Highway 40. Well, the long and short of it, she and I sat there—the women who were really in charge [laughter]. It must have been John Davies and my husband who were the negotiators, anyway. [laughter] The Davies stayed on the back portion of the property, and we bought the “front” two acres, or so.

It was just after I came back after my husband's death. (Jacques died in 1970.) I was *greeted* with a notice that the state had not, after all these years, fifteen or seventeen years later, made a move to relocate the

highway. Now, they gave up. It was a thirteen-acre piece of property, but legally, you know, I had the front, along Old Highway 40. The state had the middle portion, and the Davies had the back of the property. The state (NDOT) was going to sell this middle portion. I think Mr. Davies had died, and the Davies finally sold the last piece to other people sometime later. The state was going to take their piece of property between us and sell it *all* to what I call the back people at a ridiculous price—what the state had paid for it. The state's position was that if it sold me any of its middle piece, I would deny access to the “back” people, their theory being that in Davies's conveyance to the state no easement (for access to the back) was included. I was supported in the law regarding “implied easements.”

I brought a lawsuit restraining the state from going ahead, a declaratory judgement action, *Arley v. NDOT*, and this is unbelievable. I made some very good contacts with the NDOT lawyers. [laughter] One is Shelley O'Neale. She ran for some public offices. She's such a good person. She was there, and then Joe Colvin was NDOT's lawyer, also David Kladney, a very best friend over the years. You know, when I look back, this went on over a period of almost *thirteen years*. I don't like to put names with things that are negative, but let's say the district court ruled against me altogether. I appealed that, and for changes in the law we never had the settlement committee in between, but why it went on so long I can't recall. Ultimately the back property changed hands, and Mr. Arroyo, who has since died in a very unhappy way, was the owner of the back parcel. I filed some pretty good briefs (according to Judge Zenoff).

Recently, I was at a reception for Judge Deborah Agosti by her law school on the occasion of her going to

the supreme court, and they were, I thought, exceptionally nice people. One of them from the Toledo Law School was up at the podium, and I was sitting with Carolyn Kellogg, fairly close to that, and I'm hearing, "Is Mrs. Arley here?" I am *so sick* of hearing that I'm the oldest. I don't *mind*. I'm *glad* I'm here, but I'm so *sick* of it. This maybe will dispel some of it. If that's all they can say about me! If they would only say the "more senior member." I know some of the people thought that wasn't anything, but without even thinking, I banged the table [pounds the table] where I sat, and I said, "Here we go again!"

Well, Judge Rose from the supreme court, while we were leaving—he just was so giggly. He knows how I feel about, "She's the oldest."

He said, "I knew it. I knew it. I knew it." Anyway

It would be nice to be remembered for something other than being the oldest.

Yes. I'm really sick of it. Then, a man named Ray Pike, executive vice president of IGT and a lawyer, came over to me. His name is Pike, but he is not related to the first Pike that I mentioned, Miles Pike. He came over and said, "I need to shake your hand. I was sitting next to Joe Colvin," who had been the lawyer for the state in my own action, *Arley v. NDOT*.

I said, "Here we go again," you know, "that I'm the oldest."

However, much to his credit, so far as I'm concerned, Joe Colvin had said to Ray Pike, "But she's a good lawyer."

I thought that was good, because he wasn't saying, "In spite of being old." I was a good lawyer. So at least I heard it from that source.

So then we had another reception, and Judge Agosti by now started to say, "She's the longest practicing attorney." Well, you know, you're glad to be here, but if that's all they can say for you, for your life, that's not so hot. [laughter]

Well, the law meant so much to you. It isn't like it was just a passing fancy.

Oh, no, no, no, no.

When you talk about the law you have a real passion for the law.

Yes. Yes. Yes.

You worked very hard on your cases and did a good job.

I did work hard, but, you know, I go to the women lawyers' meetings.

They don't know what you've done?

Nothing. Nobody asks, and nobody cares. Kathleen Noneman will take me, you know, and she calls it a "horse and pony show," but she never seems to leave enough time even for that. It's just different. I go because I'm a senior member. I went to that hundred-and-one-women event or whatever, out of the sense that I'm the oldest among them, and that's what I should do. It really turned out to be a fund-raiser, and I'm not even mentioned in that damn thing. I mean, so I don't have that kind of ego, but when you just *think* of it, it doesn't have much to say, but when I get a call from that lady who sat at the table, and she remembers me, it means

something. This lady lost a family member and had other serious problems, and she wrote me a tender note about how I (unknowingly) lifted her spirit. I'm very fortunate to have the attitudes I have, but I look at it. I think what I'm saying is I'm away from myself objectively, and I look at that. If I go to the women lawyers' meetings I'm just sitting there, but I go.

Of course, I have a lot of young friends. Jill Griner is an attorney, and she was the secretary of the women lawyers, and that's one of the very good things for me, to have a rapport with so many younger people. We have a *real* association. Jill Griner is on her third baby, but we're such good friends. [laughter] I have already held Adam, at five weeks. She will call me to tell me about the meetings. I said, "Just call me when it's going to be interesting," you know, the speaker. I had to miss Valerie Cooke, who just became a magistrate, and I have a very good relationship with a lot of them, including Valerie, but I just couldn't go, because I was in physical therapy. I'm amazed at so many of the younger people who have such good rapport with me—an almost equal friendship. The young people—the *much* younger people—I become one of them.

They value what you've done.

Well, let's see, you're too gracious. [laughter]

You think? No, I think they do.

Oh, I think it's because I'm a nice person. [pounds the table]



"Of course, I have a lot of young friends." Charlotte's eighty-eighth birthday (April 1999), celebrated with her friend Despena Hatton's son, Nicky.

Yes. Well, that too. Of course, that too. [laughter] Well, this brings up a question: When you returned to Reno what kind of changes did you see? Were there more women practicing law when you came back after Jacques died in 1970?

Oh, I think this will tickle you. I remember coming into the law library, and I saw a woman there, and my reaction is, "What is *she* doing here?" [laughter] It really was my reaction.

Because you weren't accustomed to seeing other women?

No! No, and now they're all over the place! Of course, the dress is so entirely different. I've been in the courthouse—not so much very recently—but they come in without socks on, in pants. Of course, I do *not* go down even to file something in pants. That doesn't make it right or wrong, but, you know, that's how I grew up, let's say.

Right, wearing a dress or a suit?

I don't know if they let them come in jeans now or not, but I just think court is a serious place. I have that attitude. I was in Judge Breen's court, and one of the fellows came in an outside jacket. Judge Breen told him, "Go home." You know, there's an end to that, I think. I think for the people who are before the court this is a very serious time. I think the lawyers should dress appropriately.

Whom did I see, all of whom were in suits? Oh, at the memorial for Clark Guild Jr. I knew him. I knew his father. Let me tell you about the father. There was a Christmas party. There was a Lyon's Building, which was on Center and Second, which, of course, is no longer there. There's the pawn shop. [laughter] I think it burned partly, and I think they had their offices over there—Clark Guild Sr. did. There was a Christmas party, and I came. Naturally, I never had a feeling that I was to be left out. That's personal. Somebody asked me something one time about being a woman lawyer. They were lawyers; I was a lawyer. That was my level. Anyway, we were small, and it was good. Nobody was pushing me out of the way; nobody was doing an awful lot to help me, but I was one of them. If you had a problem . . . That's another thing, I wasn't a drinker, then nor now. If we would meet to have

a discussion, I learned to drink sherry, and I'll never drink sherry again in my life. I got so sick of it.

But you did that to join in?

Yes. You know, I'm going to have tea? Yes. [laughter] Cokes and things of that sort are in now, but that wasn't how it was then, and you just wouldn't do that. Cokes—those were fountains for the children. Anyway, Clark Guild Sr. came out. Yes. *Well*, he wasn't the only one. Clark Sr., the *judge*, just pulled me down and sat me on his lap, and, you know, you just don't know how to handle that. You just don't know how to handle that. I didn't stay long, but that would never happen today. It would *never* happen today.

That probably, as much as anything, talks about what a difference there is, with all the emphasis on sexual harassment today.

Yes. I guess that was harassment, but who knew? He was a judge. At least I sat on the lap of a judge. Anyway, also, there was a lawyer across from the courthouse, Scanlan, a much older man, and I used to hate to go in there, because he would [lowers her voice]

Try to grab at you, is that what you're saying?

Well, it's . . . I don't know why they want you to sit in their *laps*. Compared to me he was an older man. So I just had to learn to watch myself.

We were talking about changes, and one of them was that you were seeing women in the law library. Had the law itself changed a great deal in the time that you'd been in Portland and Seattle, in that seventeen years?

Oh, fundamentally I don't think the law has changed. There are new laws and some amendments to laws, but the way of research, I think, is entirely different. It's so much more simple. We had to track everything down, but, of course, *I* think, in tracking it down that way, one learned a lot, you know, the use of the books. The one thing I do say about myself is that I was able, I believe, to distinguish those little changes that made a difference. I could ferret them out, because very often you read the law, and you're reading it in order to support the case you're trying to make, but not everybody picks up those small changes, and I think that I did have that. That's why, I think, that the appeals I took were, by and large, so effective.

So when you came back you were working with appeals?

Well, the appeal on my property case, surely, but earlier—the Crosby case—I was already married to Jacques when I was involved in that. Gordon Rice took over that case for me for awhile, but that's the case I say I used to go to the law library in Portland and Seattle to research. That went on for awhile, but that was a good win. Unhappily, Crosby died before he could take advantage of what we did for him. On appeal from the district court we *had* to go directly to the supreme court. We don't have an appellate court. However, now all of that has changed. We have a settlement conference.

That's what happened to my own lawsuit; it finally got settled in one of those conferences. We still do not have an appellate court, but when we get into the supreme court, before we're going to be heard there's a point at which one of the judges, who will not be involved in the case, sits with both sides and tries to negotiate a settlement at that point, before you go to full-blown appeal. So that was settled. That was a big thing for me. I still have that property.

What other kinds of cases were you working on when you returned to Reno in the 1970s?

Well, what happened when I returned to Reno, I really came back to make some decisions. I had some thoughts of probably going back to New England, and I gave that up. There was some property here. I think primarily in the beginning I came back about that property. When I *did* come back though, Sidney Fox still had his practice, and he had a case in the supreme court, and he asked me to work on that with him. Also, he asked me if I would just cover for him when he was out of the office. He didn't have a large practice. So, in a sense, I began to do that. Then, because I was very close to Mrs. Fox—she was an unusually bright woman—that was a good time for them to go to Europe. Oh, she was the one who pushed me to get back here. She knew ultimately I would come. She just pressed me to come, because they were going to go to Europe for three months or something, and I would take over the practice. I think that's how it started. I never dreamed my life would come again in this way, or that I would have started on my own again. So that's how it was. I don't know when Sidney became ill or gave up the practice. That's when I just began to practice out of my

house. I've never maintained a downtown office since I returned to Reno. I don't look back. I just don't look back. If I would have known how my life was going to go . . . but from where I am today, I'm glad I'm not in a downtown office. [laughter] That's just the way it worked. The people came to me, anyway.

Right. You're still practicing, correct?

Yes, I'm still practicing. I'm doing something for somebody who's being deported, which is heart-breaking, because somebody didn't know the law. It's a disaster for a person's life. Then I saved somebody from losing their home. One of the things I can say, which it should have occurred to me a long time ago, that some of these people for whom I *do*, I finally realized very recently I'm giving up my time, which is economically worth more than their time. Just economically. So I thought, "You can do something for me: give me time back." But it's hard. It's just *hard* to find a way, you know, cut the grass or paint the thing or clean up my basement. I should have thought of that long time ago, but I didn't. The truth is I'm probably better fixed than most of the lawyers would think I am. So, you know, in a sense, if somebody really is struggling, it's not their money I need, but I thought of it too late. From here on in, everybody is going to give me something back in time.

I'm not sure that we got all of the cases that we wanted to talk about.

Oh, no, we didn't, because I wrote them down.

You said to remind you about the Libro case.

OK. The Libro case. One of my friends, Pam Willmore was the first female bailiff and law clerk. She worked for Judge Gabrielli, and was also the first female director of commerce for the state of Nevada. She does mostly family law, and family law has become a *big* thing. I was *amazed* when she told me she uses the Libro case. That's kind of complimentary. I have a lot of respect for her, but she's a great personal friend. The issue in the Libro case is, if the child is not yours, if you have believed the child to be yours and then learn it is not yours, are you responsible for supporting that child? That made the *Family Law Reporter* somewhere, because I got a call from another state, and we talked, and then I said, "Well, how would *you* know about that case?"

"Oh, it's in our *Family Law Reporter*."

We went to the supreme court on it. One of the supreme court judges gave the other attorney what for, you know, but these two people were married. Then there was a child, and for ten years, naturally, the husband, Mr. Libro, just adored that child. Then one day he took the child into the hospital. It was as simple as that, and they gave him the report or something, and he got hold of the birth certificate in some way. I mean, that just *happened*. Again, it just happened.

So the father just happened to see the birth certificate when the child was in the hospital.

Yes. There was some reason for his seeing it, and Libro noticed that the child's blood type would have made it impossible for him to have fathered the child. The lawyer on the other side was Grellman. He just hammered away and hammered away and got into what is now beginning to become the law. That's how the law

develops. If a man marries a woman and there's *her* child, but the man holds himself out to be the father, the child believes him to be the father, the law is now progressing to make him, in effect, the male parent, and so therefore, support psychologically, blah, blah, blah and so on. Anyway, that law is just coming into being. So this was that kind of a case, and he tried to put forward that, because of her own actions, the mother's action in this case, was not . . . how shall I put it?

Being kept a secret?

Oh, yes, but not only that; there were other matters involved.

The lower court, what was their decision?

That he was liable for support, but that it went like this. Let's see. I think they were being divorced, and it was the wife's behavior in a way within the marriage. In any event, the court ordered support, because there was no paternity action, but having brought that to the court's attention, our position was that no support should have been ordered until the *paternity* was determined. Very good, Charlotte. [raps on table] That's what the court said, "If you can't show paternity so that now" That's what I like for myself. If Grellman might have worked on showing that psychological paternity, made more of an issue maybe of that, today I think that might be different, because the little boy, really, what did he know? And what a terrible thing to do to a child anyway, but she was divorcing him because of other association. So that law has become a thing that

Oh, a standard? Did the supreme court then say, "No support until the paternity issue is solved"?

Right. Right. It tickles me that my own very good friend, Pam Willmore, tells me, "Oh, I use that case all the time."

That's the kind of case where what you did made a difference?

Yes, because then that's how the law grows.

By being interpreted in that way?

Yes. Now if you go into a marriage, and there's a child, and if you hold yourself out to *be* the parent, the child believes you to be the parent, you're protecting the child. You're protecting the child. So that's a development in the law, but that's how it goes. People think the law is sterile. Not I!

It's always changing and developing?

Yes. Well, it's because of cases like that.

Were there others like that that changed the law for the future?

Well, I had one case, which was my own case, a fire loss. I think it was *Arley v. Liberty Mutual*. I sued for interest on the amount of recovery. The insurance company, Liberty Mutual, took the view that it was partial loss, because the house didn't burn to the ground, so the law there is that it doesn't have to be burned to the

ground. It's a total loss if it's more than 50 percent, just like with an automobile. It's called a constructive total loss, because it'll cost you more to put it together. So I think that that was the first case like that, but the other issue was that in this case I, being the plaintiff, was not entitled to interest on the money the insurance company should pay, which is because if the damages are *unliquidated*, you can't get interest, because you don't know what the sum is going to be. There's now law on pre-judgement interest, on post-judgement interest, so that's developed, also.

Gosh, is that the case I had with the Woodburn firm? It was! Some of those things are nice, because I could remember his name in a little while, but the attorney on the other side of *me* on that case, I think When we went to see the new federal building, there was food afterward at the Pioneer Bank across the way. I guess I was having to sit because of pain in my legs then. I was sitting, anyway, and that attorney from the Woodburn firm came over, got down on his knees—you know, I love that—and said what great fun it was to have a case with me. We went to the supreme court on *that*. I don't know if it was that case. It probably was, but in any event, in that case the court initially denied me interest on the money, because the court held the damages under the fire policy were not liquidated. We call it unliquidated damages, where you don't have a figure. I really researched that well, because we were the only state in any of these cases that held to what our court did. Shortly afterward, the supreme court had before it another such case, where the question was about unliquidated damages. They overruled their own opinion in *my* case and said that I would have been entitled. So my husband pushed me to go back again. In one of their opinions they

said, "This is the third time Mrs. Arley has been here." I just thought, "I'm not doing that." My husband just wanted me to go back, but it was not retroactive, anyway. So that was a winner.

But because of your case it eventually changed the law?

Yes. Yes.

Well, you were right, but too late.

I went back to the court, because my husband pushed me to go back again. It wasn't retroactive, but from the point of law, that's a pretty good feeling, that the court would reverse itself.

Yes. Based on how well you argued the case?

Well, I think so. [laughter] The person following me, I never really looked at that, I don't think. They may have argued well, too. I really ought to look at that case, after all these years. (Paradise Homes) This indicates that that's where my interests are—in the law itself. I mean, making that statement is a natural thing for me. I'll probably someday, if I can finish all this other stuff, go back and look at that case. I probably did look at it, I don't know.

There was one case where my client was charged with manslaughter. Did I tell you that one? When Raggio was the deputy district attorney?

I don't think so.

That's another good case. My client was charged with vehicular manslaughter, and one of the occupants in the other car was killed. Their car rolled over the embankment. The woman in that car was injured, but the man died. My client was insured, and I asked the adjuster from the insurance company to go with me to check the scene of the accident. The truth is Mr. Tapscott and I were friendly in the law, and when I asked him to go with me, he knew this person, as well. We both knew the person charged. I said, "Will you go with me to the site of the accident?" It was out at Painted Rock, I believe.

"Oh, no, if you're going" So this adjuster is saying to *me* about it had to do with whether the car was on high beam or low beam, and I really didn't know anything about that. Then, there was a question of the point of impact. My client was westbound; the other car was eastbound. The sheriffs had made a determination where the point of impact was. Acting on that, they charged my client with manslaughter and put her in jail over a long holiday weekend. Also, they said the beams were not on high.

So this was a real learning experience for me. I just went to where my client's car was being held, and I asked them, even though the car was a wreck, could we determine whether the beams were on high. "Oh, yes." Then the white wire, the red wire, whatever the wires were. So we were right on that point, but when I went out with the adjuster, I don't know how we came to that conclusion. Again, it's research; it's caring. What the sheriffs said was the point of impact was actually where the other car dug in as it rolled over the embankment.

That made the difference, and that case was dismissed, but when I read the article, I see that Raggio

said, in case they got any other evidence, you know, they would charge her again, but, of course, they didn't.

That was my first experience of throwing exhibits on the screen. I talked to the army and found they had an overhead projector. I don't know how I did it. They were going to loan this to me, and I could visualize myself up there with this big screen doing this work, but, of course, you can't do that if you have a chance to get the case dismissed. [laughter] The overhead projector was *new*. Nobody had it. The army had it. I don't know how I learned that, but yes.

You were going to use it, but you didn't get a chance?

Yes, with exhibits. Today it's *so* different. There's so many electronic devices, and your voices, and your this and your that, but this is the raw stuff. It's like doing your own hamburger. Get beyond it. So that was good experience. I *liked* to learn, and I still like to learn, but I go the whole way. The big lawyers here will think that's a very silly statement to make, but I was a sole practitioner.

Unhappily, when I came back after my husband died, I didn't think I'd get involved in the way I have. So I've never had any help. I do all my own work. Now, my friend Pam, you know, has a *real* office, and we've associated on a couple of things already. The ones that are small I don't have to associate. I just say, "Do it. I don't want to do it," because I just do everything by typing. Anyway, that's where I am.

We want to talk now about the Reno law community when you first came here and first passed the bar. I'd like to have you talk a little bit about what you found here. For example, were there one or two large firms, or

lots of small firms? Were some people more powerful than others?

Well, when I first came here I didn't expect to take the bar. For some months I did substitute in the law offices. Also, I had suffered some injury in an automobile accident in Los Angeles, where I was a visitor, and so I went during that period to the University of Nevada, Reno and just audited courses in history, political science, and philosophy. I think I may have said something about that earlier, because I was rather astonished to find in philosophy that I already knew that I didn't relate philosophy to just daily living. [laughter] Of course, I was an older student. I remember my reaction to that. I expected political science to be something like Latin was in high school. [laughter] I did do law, English. I couldn't recall the English teacher's name, but he was quite good, particularly with Shakespeare, and that was another good time for me. There was Mr. Miller, the speech teacher. I remember him. So I apparently did more than I thought I did.

Then I began to substitute in the law offices, so that was my introduction to the legal community. One of my first memories is always this: I called an office to ask for the attorney, and the person answering the phone said, "Oh, he's down in the barber shop getting his hair cut." As we say, I almost fell off the chair, because I was from New England. That would never happen in a so-called good office. [laughter]

Because it wouldn't be a professional, courteous way to greet them?

No! I mean, “He’s in the barber shop”?! [laughter] Lawyers—it’s one of those stories—you don’t think about lawyers ever having their hair cut. [laughter] You know what I’m saying?

Yes. When you say you substituted in law offices, were there several that you worked in or just certain ones?

No, several, because I think it was primarily during the period when the secretaries or clerks would have been on vacation, and I just filled in. I think we talked about George Springmeyer and his wife Sally. It was Springmeyer and Thompson. That was Bruce Thompson, after whom the federal building is named. I was in that office.

Was this a powerful firm at that time?

Oh, yes.

Can you describe how you knew that? I mean, by the cases?

Well, the comments that were made by George Springmeyer all the time. You know, you don’t get a certain kind of comment. He belonged to a political party, the name of which I don’t recall. I think it began with a “W.” He was very opinionated, and probably most of the time would have been right, anyway. Very outspoken, but he was highly respected.

Active in his political party then, or a leader in his political party?

A bull something. [laughter] Well, his daughter and his wife are still living.

His daughter is a published author; she's an historian. His wife Sally, now, was she also practicing law with him?

No. She did pass the bar. She was admitted to the bar, and she went to Stanford, but she did not practice. She used to drive him to the outlying communities, and he thought it would be less boring for her if she knew something about the law, or maybe they both thought that, and that's why she went to law school. I don't think she had any intention of practicing law. Anyway, about that time their child was born. I was in this community when she was born.

When you were substituting at that office for Springmeyer and Thompson, you were doing mostly clerical kinds of tasks or law clerk types of tasks?

Well, because offices were smaller, and it was a different time, I'm sure I may have done some law work, but I'm sure I also did what you're calling clerical work.

Answering phones?

Oh, well, I could answer a phone. [laughter]

Greeting people, taking information, and that kind of thing?

Yes. Since neither George Springmeyer nor Bruce Thompson are here, I can say whatever I want.

That's true, you can. Did you work directly with them?

Oh, yes. There was no other person in the office. Not only that, I remember very often Bruce would have what we would call back-and-forth with me. There wasn't the kind of pressure that everybody seems to feel *now*, if you want a comparison. They are pushing, and they are advertising. You're not as good as us; you've come to us. I don't say that there wasn't some desire on the part of some to have clients who may have gone elsewhere, but it was a different community, not just the legal community. We were small enough, and in *my* own view . . . when Kathleen Noneman was talking with me, she asked me if I ever felt any discrimination, and of course, I did not. I don't think I ever would have, anyway, but it was mostly because we were a small group. You couldn't ignore the rest of us. Oliver Custer, who was called "the Colonel," would always say, "Do you *know* how many lawyers we have?! The last count was *two hundred!*" We should learn how many of us there are now!

My friend, Margaret Bailey, whom I'd like to mention every time I have the chance to mention, did not actively practice. She took bits and pieces, but that was not her real status. We had several cases together, one of which made the *Yale Law School Journal*, I think, *Springer v. Federated Church*. I was coming in at the beginning, possibly, of women coming into fields that had been closed to them. There was Felice Cohn, but I don't think the male lawyers—because everybody else was male anyway—would sit down over a drink with Felice. I think I may have said earlier that I got very tired of drinking sherry, because I wasn't a drinker. It wasn't that. There wasn't the camaraderie. We would meet for lunch, or

we'd have some kinds of discussions. Cliff Young and I had cases together, and there he is, and here I am; we're still here. Peter Echeverria was in the most powerful law office, McCarran, Foreman, and Woodburn, probably not in that order. McCarran was politically powerful.

And powerful as an attorney, also, or mostly the firm?

The firm. I think at that time McCarran was already in the Senate. I remember the immigration bill that McCarran sponsored. That was passed. There were those who weren't for it. Some were for it. I mean, there was always that kind of thing. Of course, he rose to being the head of the judiciary.

So, because it was a small office, you were able to visit back and forth with Bruce Thompson and George Springmeyer?

They had that firm put a call in to me that Mr. Woodburn or Mr. McCarran wished to see me. Well, that was really something. I was over in my own little office down the street, and I couldn't imagine why he would want to see me.

In those days divorces were handled differently, and one of the ways that the lawyers already admitted could help a new person would be by giving that person a power of attorney. In the beginning we didn't have all these local people being divorced. You didn't have all the California people coming. People who could afford to come and take advantage of the divorce laws here were mainly from the East, people with money, the Rockefellers. I met one of Winthrop's wives in that way. We had the dude ranches. There was always some man waiting to meet one of these

women with *money*. Some of them did marry some. In any event, the person who had come, usually the wife, would already have had an attorney, let us say, in New York, who associated with someone here. The husband could be represented by an attorney here without appearing here, by a second attorney or through a power of attorney. That attorney would receive a power of attorney. That's going to get out of, really, the realm of things, but that's the kind of lawyer talk.

When I was admitted to the bar, the way some of the attorneys helped me was to give me some of the cases that didn't have any meaning for them and, ultimately, had no meaning for me. I often thought if they *really* wanted to help me, why didn't they do that? Give me a power of attorney. Oh, they got twenty-five or fifty dollars for doing that, but then fifty dollars—boy, that's something.

They didn't give you the power of attorney?

No. Maybe one or two people, but not everybody had the large divorce cases. Anyway, I was asked to go over there to the Woodburn firm, and first thing he said to me after the amenities, "Would you like to have a drink?"

I was still in my New England mode, "*Drink* in the daytime?" That was just my reaction, but I guess it was tea or coffee, I don't know. I probably had a Coke or something like that. I was such a dope, anyway. So then he began to talk to me and told me he had this case where he wondered if I would like to have the power of attorney. Well, I didn't fall off the chair or anything, and I tried to behave like a young lawyer. [laughter] "Would I like to have it?!" Mostly, lawyers exchanged with each other. If

one lawyer did it for you, you did it for him. That's how it went.

I thought I would get twenty-five dollars, which today has no meaning. Possibly fifty? He kind of soft-peddled it to say, "Would a hundred dollars be all right?" I mean, would I accept that?! Well, anyway, a hundred dollars. But we had one problem: my name. He wasn't sure how they would feel in New York about a woman, and that was another point of resistance for me—not even resistance. I could have said Charles, you know, or C. something. They had people who had lawyers that were up there, and if they didn't feel a woman could represent you The odd part of this is, the lawyer who had the power of attorney, when the case was presented in court, the court would ask *that* attorney representing the opposite party, and almost always we would have nothing to add or nothing to say, except thank you to the court. It would be nothing. You didn't have to do anything, just appear. I really am happy at this time of my life to think that, when my needs were different and meaningful, that there was no way I would say I wasn't a female. [laughter]

Did you get that job?

Yes, I did.

In spite of the fact that you were a female?

Yes.

But that was part of the discussion beforehand, with the Woodburn firm?

Oh, yes. That's why I'm sure he wanted to do this for me, which was very nice. This is what I mean. I think if

you really want to do something for somebody, that's how you do it. He had me come over—I'm sure he didn't have a lot of things going in his head about it—but he was concerned that in trying to help me he wouldn't be able to, because they might not accept it, I'm absolutely sure. I was naïve and all that, but stupid I wasn't.

That was part of the issue?

Yes. That was an issue. Well, money certainly wasn't an issue.

What was your impression of Pat McCarran?

I knew of him. You couldn't help but know of them. They were the top firm. They represented people in cattle and mining, and McCarran was in politics. They were well-entrenched—probably the top firm.

Well, I was pleased to be there, and I certainly was pleased that they would do this for me, but I think it was Mr. Woodburn Sr. that I spoke with. What kind of impression could I have? We were only talking about whether or not I would take on such a big case here. [laughter]

Did you ever work with that firm after that?

No, I think this was just a generosity thing. Well, they didn't ask me to join the firm, if that's what you're getting at. [laughter]

Which you would have also done, right?

That I would have done. [laughter] Gordon Thompson, a later member of the firm, represented

the Federated Church when Margaret Bailey and I represented the plaintiff. Also, In *Arley v. Liberty Mutual*, that firm represented Liberty Mutual. In another case of mine, Peter Echeverria, as a member of that firm, represented the defendant.

What about Bruce Thompson? What was your first impression of him when you were substituting at the office?

Easy, because I don't know where Mr. Springmeyer would be from time to time, but I remember our just having these chats, just sometimes about family, sometimes about law. When he became a judge, he was called the "Bulldog" or "Dragon" of whatever street the court was located on. I appeared before him later in my life. [laughter] My memory of him is clearly a pleasant one.

How was it to appear before Bruce Thompson as a judge?

He was very right down the line, no fooling around. You'd better be prepared, or you're going to hear it. He was a good judge. Then, of course, I knew his brother, Gordon Thompson, who was on our supreme court. Gordon was with the Woodburn firm and represented the Federated Church in the case I've mentioned, in which I was associated with Margaret Bailey. Very happy days then. Gordon was a different kind of a personality, much easier, not a joker, but easy to talk with on anything. The last time I saw him I didn't recognize him. There was a good-bye party for Judge John Code Mowbray at the courthouse, and as Gordon Thompson passed me—he

was using a walker by that time—he greeted me, and then we went on in. That was the last time I saw him.

He died shortly after that. You felt a special closeness to him, too?

I did. I did.

More so than to Bruce?

I have no idea of the difference in ages during that period, but I think his personality was an easier one than Bruce's. Yes, I was more friendly.

Bruce, it sounds like from what you're describing, in person was a friendly person, but on the bench when he was a judge, he was very strict, whereas his brother Gordon was more easy-going all the time?

Well, when he was on the supreme court we all thought he did very well up there with his opinions. Yes, that's a different thing.

But just a difference in personality that came through in their judicial careers?

Yes.

I wanted to ask you about a few other people that you may have worked with at that time. You mentioned the Young Turks, Cliff Young and Les Gray. Were they known as Young Turks then, or is that something that came later?

No, no, then, because I wouldn't have known what that was. We have to get back to the point that I really was very unsophisticated and naïve—I really was. So I would not have heard about the Young Turks except from them. I was now becoming politically interested, and the truth is I went to the meetings that were held on the Democratic side.

Did they get this name as part of the political activity?

Yes. The younger members of the Republican Party who wanted to move a little bit away from the right. They wanted to be a little more liberal. The Republicans wouldn't like to have liberal views—my opinion only—but they were a little more to the left. We were friendly, anyway. So even if you belonged to different parties, you certainly could be very good friends and accept different kind of thinking from your own.

The Young Turks—was that only Cliff Young and Les Gray?

Well, there probably were more, but those were the only two I knew. See, that was the closeness. I don't want to say it was like a family, because that has so many different connotations, but we were *people*. We had the same interests, and mostly it was on the basis of the similar background. I knew his brother, Lewellyn Young. I wonder if Lewellyn is still alive. I don't remember. He practiced outside of Reno, primarily.

What you're describing is a small, close-knit legal community.

Yes, primarily close-knit.

And it doesn't appear that way to you today?

Well, first of all, I'm not *active* and haven't been active in that sense. When I came back there were a lot of lawyers who were admitted in my absence with whom I had no connection. I did have, after I came back, some supreme court cases. I was friendly with George Lohse and Leslie Fry, both of those attorneys. Les Fry's son may still be practicing law. I've tried to be in touch with him, but I don't know if he's still living.

What kind of supreme court cases were you dealing with?

One was an industrial workmen's compensation case. That was while my husband was still alive, but after I came back after he died, I had the Libro case. I mentioned that. Of course, Margaret Bailey and I went to supreme court on a couple of cases. Then she had another one, which was also like a workmen's compensation, and I went up on that with her, also, and we won.

Were there any people who served as mentors to you during that time, who really helped you out on a continuing basis or kind of paved the way for you? Would you consider any of the attorneys that you started working with as mentors, like we do today, somebody who kind of takes you under their wing and makes sure you get going?

I could say something funny, but I won't. [laughter]

You can if you want to.

No, no, no. When I used to go to the conferences, I really was startled. Men who just left their homes, because I was a young woman . . . I don't need to go on, right?

Oh.

That was very startling to me.

So today that would have been called sexual harassment? Is that what you're referring to?

I guess.

In those days you just had to fend for yourself, right?

Well, it wasn't hard. [laughter] It really was a revelation to me. So if any of these women think that there was only one man during these last few years who'd fooled around, they're very wrong. That's not a nice thing to say.

But that was a surprise to you?

Well, I went to more than one conference, and it was never different.

So in terms of being a mentor, you probably had to be a little bit careful?

No, the fellows here are nice people, but I didn't have a mentor because . . . I could say I was brighter than some of them. [laughter]

You didn't need one, right?

It wasn't that I didn't need one. If there was a problem you could call one of them. That's how it was. If I wasn't sure of myself, then we'd go and have coffee, or we'd go and have lunch.

Your point was that you didn't especially need a mentor because the community was so close-knit?

Well, wait. Let's go back a little bit. I worked for Busey & Craven. Busey was the one who urged me to take the bar, but I already was a member of the bar in Massachusetts, which people don't think about. So I was out of law school. I worked with the law in one way or another before I ever came to Nevada, so that it wasn't as though I came here pure.

As a total novice?

Yes, right. Exactly right. Before I remained in Nevada, as I thought I was going to go around the world and go back East, I took jobs where I could find them in law offices. It wasn't till I got to Hawaii that I had a first commercial job for Hawaiian Electric. [laughter] Then the war with Japan broke out when I came back. I was substituting in L.A. I think I told you the story of one of those judges on a work basis. I was a guest at his ranch, and that's when there was a lot of this talk about the last recent war, "Why did we kill the good English lads when there were so many sheenies in New York." So much for some judges. [laughter] So it's true. Of course, I also spent two wonderful summers in Yosemite without thinking about the law. Two of my best years [pounds the

table] were in Yosemite. I loved it. No, I was new here, but I was not without some background.

Even before I took the bar I worked with Sidney Robinson, who was primarily a real estate lawyer. Lester D. Summerfield, who was a very well-known and highly respected attorney, and his later partner, Fran Breen, had the Fleischmann Estate, and that's where Fran Breen made a lot of points. [laughter] I worked temporarily with Mr. Summerfield. Mr. Springmeyer took me to Mr. Summerfield and made some kind of a cute remark that I should be paid well. Fran Breen's still alive, and I see him. We're oldies who really are no longer recognized. Oldies but goodies. [laughter]

That was all the group that you were working with?

Yes. Oh, also, there was Samuel Platt and John "Husky" Sinai. I substituted in that office while I was at the University of Nevada. Also, the principal partner was Bud Loomis. There was John Bartlett, who was with Platt and Sinai and then went over to the Vargas firm. a really nice guy. I think it was Vargas & Bartlett. George Vargas once called me up to compliment me on the result of a case I had. I think we talked about that, where my client was charged with manslaughter. So we were that small.

People would call each other and say, "Pretty good job."

Well, I don't how many people call these days, but they did then.

Were there any that you felt that you were closer friends with than others, some that you always assumed particular friendships with?

Well, Cliff and Les. Then there was a young Greek lawyer who was shot in the courtroom by the defendant in a criminal matter. Security has since been increased in courtrooms. God, I want to think of his name. His wife is still living. I think his name was Mulcahy. I was pretty friendly with him and his wife.

You also mentioned Bert Goldwater. What was your relationship with him?

Well, very early on, I knew Bert before I was admitted, and when I left that first law office, it was Bert who took me in. Bert was helpful to me when I was under that. I was involved in that one major criminal case, and he certainly was helpful to me then. Bert also became a bankruptcy judge. It was very easy for me to be with Bert. That's not always the case, even with people you care for, or who care for you. I don't need anything from anyone, other than in one's personal life, but if I ever need anything, I think I could go easily to Bert. [laughter]

I'm curious about these "Young Turks" again. Did you have similar political ideas with them?

I don't know if the language is that I was politically involved, but I did go to the debates. We used to have public meetings. There was an auditorium that may have been part of the library, or where the Pioneer Theater is now. We had public debates, and we were a small enough community that we knew who the speakers were. We don't have anything like that anymore.

I always will remember one with Miles N. Pike, and I think I've made the distinction it has nothing to do with Ray Pike, who is with IGT. I think Miles Pike was on the

bench, on our supreme court. He was highly respected. I remember once he was on the platform, and one of the other people was the Rabbi's wife, who really wiped everybody out, [laughter] not including him, maybe, but I have a real memory of those public discussion groups.

Then we had the Great Books, and a lot of us went there. That was for people like me who hadn't done a lot of the good reading. We were introduced to the earlier writers, like Socrates and down the line. It was sponsored by the library. We had our meetings and discussion groups in the library. So I was, in a sense, active in that part of the community, now that I think about it, but it wasn't easy to be involved. You know, not everybody would go, but anybody like myself or people in the same general circle or whatever, it was easy for us to find outlets for our thinking and discussions. That's a pretty good sentence.

It sounds like you felt very included.

Oh, I did.

Do you think that there was, in some ways, less discrimination about you being a woman here in Reno than there might have been in some larger cities at the time?

I don't know anything about that. I think that's a personal thing, and I know I was asked that earlier on. Now, you know, it's wasteful to even think about being discriminated against because you're a woman. Well, I think that's a personal matter. Either I didn't understand how open I was, or I didn't know enough to know that anybody—how shall I put it? I don't want to say I was so

busy with myself and had to make my way and all that stuff. I didn't think in those terms. The truth is, I didn't feel they could *economically* make a difference in my life, if they had the power to do that. Well, now I'm going to pull myself together here and say that intellectually I may not have had some of the knowledge they had, but other than that I didn't have a problem. This is not an ego thing. That's how it was. I was respected in my own right. I was schooled to be a lawyer. I mean, I went to school. I used to have a funny thing when people would ask me a question like that about my being a woman and a lawyer. I would say, "My head doesn't understand that I have a different body." You know, that's odd saying. So that was never an issue with me.

So that equality, knowing you were on an equal level intellectually?

OK, from that level. Yes. Well, I certainly didn't think it through, but I think exactly, that's right. Well, I was what was considered bright. [laughter] I didn't understand that till people began to tell me, but you have to show me that maybe I was wrong or something. I *never* was involved in feeling I was discriminated against because I was a woman. Well, Judge Maestretti used to try to help me get placed. [laughter] When I didn't have an office, when I lost my little office over there, he tried to find a place for me. It was different. Today, what woman, who, if she ran into a little trouble about her professional life or something, is going to start out to be looked after? We were small enough, and they would know, and they were helpful.

When I left Bert's office, I took space with Forrest Bibb and Harvey Dickerson, who after the war started a

personnel business. We covered for each other in the Stack Building.

So this is a point after which I could say something about Judge McKnight. There was a case coming into his court, and I was going to be associated with that out-of-state attorney from California. In order for an out-of-state attorney to practice they have to associate with a local attorney. The story is that Judge McKnight called me into chambers and told me that I ought not to be associated with this lawyer. Judge McKnight said this lawyer was a communist, and, of course, I always reacted inwardly to that, "How could a judge tell me not to do that, because this judge *thinks* he's a communist?" So I had a taste of those things right along.

I know from talking to you that you have a very strong sense of fairness. So that would be your guiding rule in a case like that?

Yes. Well, not only fairness, but professional courtesy. I mean, if this man was going to take me out and rape me, then if the judge tried to tell me that, that's something else. [laughter]

But just because he has different political beliefs, he should not be labeled a communist?

Well, I didn't think it out. We had high regard, or so I thought, between the bench and the bar. When I came here, there was a trial in which one of the attorneys went to lunch with a judge who was hearing the case. That was very startling to me. See, that was the difference, and I don't know if we won it, in particular, maybe none of it,

but Reno was much more open, even that way. I think that probably has changed. I'm sure it has.

Yes, that wouldn't have happened back in New England. If the judge was sitting in the case, he certainly wouldn't have lunch with either of the lawyers.

Yes, openly. I mean, it was accepted.

You also mentioned Paul Laxalt, that he was the district attorney at the time?

When I first knew Paul, he was the attorney for the industrial insurance, Nevada Industrial Compensation. Oh, that was my Crosby case. That went to the supreme court. I won that. Through that we were friendly, and the fact is, after I was married, my husband and Paul Laxalt became friendly, because he was the son of immigrants. He came from the Basque country, and my husband came from that part of Europe or near there. So those are nice associations. I think it was the European background in that case. When the Laxalts had the Ormsby House, Paul took my husband around, and one room was named after his mother. The fact that he would have a room named after their mother, that was very moving for my husband; family matters of that sort touched him.

You can tell from reading Bob Laxalt's books and from listening to his father that both were very strongly interested in family.

I may not remember the name of the book, but when they took their father to New York, very touching. Very

touching. I can understand that man not wanting a suit—a *new* suit. He *had* a suit. Oh!

Did you ever work with Jack Streeter?

When he was district attorney, and earlier. I think we had a case in justice court early on. I did have a matter while he was D.A., but because I knew Bill Raggio, who then was deputy D.A., I went to Raggio about that case. That was that manslaughter case. I've seen Jack lately at some of the senior events. They started a senior bar, but I haven't heard anymore about it. Coe Swobe—gee whiz, I'm going have to call him up and ask him what happened to the seniors. We're going down the drain. That's awful. [laughter]

Is there anything else that you wanted to say about that time when you were just starting your law practice here in Reno?

I do know that maybe, except for the larger firms who had the better divorce cases—meaning monied—there was that feeling about being careful, if a client had gone up to a lawyer, not to “steal” a client. There was a little bit of that.

In terms of being ethical with each other about that, or not being ethical about it?

Well, I don't think it was meant to be not ethical; I think it was a matter of the source of income. The two big firms, did the big class business—the McCarran and Woodburn firm and then Vargas and Bartlett. Well, there's Tom Cooke. I need to mention Tom Cooke. His

two daughters did well. One of them tells the story that when they wanted to be lawyers Tom asked them why they couldn't just be teachers. I think it's because they were "girls."

Did you work with Tom, also?

Yes, and he was very reputable and very warm. You know, it was almost as though they were embracing you. You could tell, and you could tell the ones who were not so inclined. I'm just recalling knowing Tom's father. We had bar meetings for me early on—lunches—and I was so amazed at Cooke Sr. He was *so outspoken*! I marveled at that in my earlier days.

I interviewed Tom Cooke's wife, Patricia. She was one of the presidents of the YWCA when I did that book. So I was able to meet her.

How could that YWCA be allowed to fail in a place like this?

It's too bad, isn't it?

Too bad? It really says something terrible.

It does. It's bad. I guess they're having trouble all over the United States.

Early on, before I was admitted to the bar, I applied for a job at the YWCA. I saw a notice in the newspaper. The local YWCA contacted New York about hiring me, and the New York headquarters answered back that I couldn't

take the position, because I was Jewish. You had to be a Christian. That's just a memory I have.

I want to go on and ask you about some of the things that happened which were different from the everyday sort of thing. You showed me an article on a conference in Rome that you attended. Could you tell me what that was and describe what happened?

Well, that was a long time ago, but the women who went, I believe, were top-level women. It was International Women Lawyers. I was going to say they were very good with each other, but the language seems not to be appropriate. We were a working group, and we were serious, and we did work late into the night and try to accomplish what we set out to do, but as I think of it now looking back, there was nothing that was competitive. Sometimes they talk about women, or did, and the way they are different from men. It was a very serious, hardworking group.

What did you set out to do? What was the purpose of the group?

There was a committee on domestic relations, even as long ago as that. I was on the penal committee. We wanted to do something about the criminal law system, and we considered the world as we know it, to be a community at large. Here is a quote from an article, "Many of the committee sessions went far into the night, including one on penal law, of which Charlotte Hunter of Nevada was secretary, with the famous criminal lawyer, Marie Bassinoo as chairman. Miss Hunter's work both in Rome and on the domestic relations committee in London was uniformly commended."

One of the resolutions was to do away with capital punishment. That was about 1952. An aside: I brought back from Rome two medals blessed by the Pope at the Vatican. I presented one to the most senior Judge Foley, who was delighted. The other I gave to him for a friend whose daughter was ill. Judge Foley told me how grateful that family was. She recovered in a good way.

I remember meeting somebody from Turkey, and for awhile we were in touch with each other. It was like that. It was a large group. In one of those pictures you can see the number of women. For awhile we kept in touch with each other. It was a very good experience.

Did you hold an office at that time for that conference?

I think I was a secretary.

Did they ever meet again, the International Women Lawyers?

We were meeting here, meaning in this country, and then in Turkey, but then when I married and went away, and when I came back, that was not any longer a part of my life.

Was there first a national meeting before you went to an international one?

No, it was an international group, but I also belonged to the National Women Lawyers. I learned about this group from Nelle Price, one of the lawyers who also was a member of the California Bar, who was admitted at the same time I was to the Nevada Bar in 1947. I remember going to Boston for a national convention, and I was glad to go to Boston. There was a woman detective who was a



“[The] women who went, I believe, were top-level women. It was the International Women Lawyers.” The 1949 meeting of the organization, held in Los Angeles. Charlotte is in the second row from the top left, fourth from the left.

lawyer from L.A. At that time she was one of only two women detectives in the country, and, of course, I've already said I didn't grow up to be a drinker, but it was ten o'clock in the morning, and she wanted to go to the bar and get a drink. It doesn't matter about my reactions. They wouldn't let us come in. [laughter] In Boston at that time, 1953, women—single women, possibly—weren't allowed to go into the bars!

Were there other organizations, associations, honors that you would like to talk about in terms of your career? Or was it mostly just hard work?

Ha! Can't do my thing. The women lawyers group here honored me in 1989. The bar honors you if you were here for fifteen years and if you were here for thirty-five years. But they used to do this with some of the men, I must say. We would have these roasts, but that stopped. I don't remember when it stopped. I don't know if it was to raise money. I don't think so. We would all go, and there was a fee. I was "roasted" by the United Jewish Appeal, UJA. Ed Reed, a judge on the federal bench, wrote me a very kind letter about that. He seemed to follow my life in a most gracious manner.

So you had some involvement with the national and international women attorneys groups?

Well, I belonged to those and the bar here. Early on, Cliff Young, Peter Echeverria, and I belonged to NACCA, now the American Trial Lawyers. I became personally friendly with Larsen on torts and Sam Horowitz on Workman's Compensation personal injury. Sam Horowitz was with Boston Legal Aid when I was with Springfield



"The women lawyers group here honored me in 1989." Charlotte at the recognition celebration held for her.

Legal Aid, but I didn't know him then. One of the lawyers here indicated to the American Bar that my political status wouldn't allow them to accept me as a member.

Was that part of that whole thing with the Soroptimists?

No, but it was at the same time.

What was it about your political status?

Well, I was painted . . . I was pure lily white.
[laughter]

Yes, but that's not how you were viewed?

I don't know what did it, other than that I was outspoken, and I was involved and politically naïve. I think I said earlier that I was so naïve I thought no Jewish person could be a communist. [laughter] That's absolutely true, so how could you make a communist of me? Oh, wait a minute. Wait, wait, wait. Someone loaned me some books when I opened my first office to fill in a bookcase, and I think one of those books probably scratched I didn't even know that. [laughter] You know, I don't know where that came from. I mean, it was just the times. I would be OK today, but to think that I was just *starting* my practice. To think that people who didn't even know me could question it, and for what purpose? So when I look back, you know, that couldn't possibly happen to me today. I would *sue* them all. [laughter]

Did this insinuation that you were a communist actually cause you more hardship, in terms of your professional reputation, than being a woman?

I don't think so. Well, but this particular lawyer on Second Street, Clel Georgetta, who once sat on the bench, represented the ABA and just pushed me and pushed me and pushed me to become a member of the American Bar Association after this, and I wouldn't do it, not until some much later date. The American Bar had turned me down on the basis of what a single person would say, without ever contacting me, so I really don't have a lot of respect for institutions of that kind, because in those days the harm it could have done me was tremendous. Even some of the younger members of the

bar would push me about it, but I was at that point where, like the Un-American Activities Committee, I was not going to answer. From an association like the American Bar, wasn't that too much? On the word of one person to destroy you? Yet that person at one of our later out-of-state conferences wouldn't let anyone dance with me, except himself, because I was from Nevada, but I wasn't aware he had done this. This has something to do with that person. It has nothing to do with me.

For a long time I wouldn't talk about it, because I didn't seem to go to bat, and it was a terrible lesson of people not coming to you or talking to you about it. That's the thing I have about the Soroptimists, but that was a whole different thing. They probably didn't have enough of what it takes to sit down and say, "Well, let's talk about this." That's what you think friends would do, or, professionally, that somebody would do, but there's nothing in my life, not one thing, if anybody wants to track it, or members of my family. I did have one cousin whom I adored, who was very active in that sense, and in my later life I personally met Paul Robeson—I think I've mentioned that—when Robeson was very acceptable to the then highest social level of this town to be entertained by them. Well, I'm shaking my head right now. [laughter]

Because that's still not understandable to you, that people wouldn't talk to you face to face about their suspicions?

Well, I now understand that people sometimes can't, or don't wish to, or think they know more than they think they know, but that was a different time. That could have

destroyed me. That could have destroyed me. I'm not sure it would have. I'm not sure.

In 1984 you went to Russia for the Soviet-American Fiftieth Annual of Commercial, Criminal, and Civil Legal Systems of the Soviet Union. You were saying it was especially important to go to Russia?

I was part of an American lawyers group. It was especially meaningful to me, first of all, because the cold war was still on, but, primarily, because my parents came from there, and I went into an area, which I believed was where my parents were born and grew up, because my mother used to describe the type of beautiful trees, how tall and stately they were. I was so aware in Minsk and Kiev. Well, my mother would talk about these beautiful trees, and when I came to Minsk, unhappily, I didn't know this was exactly from where they had come. I've learned that later in some way. I grew up in New England where there were birches, but not tall. The tall, slender birches—I thought this is so much like that.

Then in some of the Russian literature there are the ponds and the fathers boating with their sons. I would walk by myself early mornings, if I was up before our meetings, and I wandered onto a path and came to a lake where a father and a son were in a boat, and it was like the Russian stories, and so I was very much moved.

Also, in spite of the fact that the cold war was still on, when I went into any of the shops, which were limited to foreigners, people really were very gracious, very gracious. I didn't know the language. Only I knew the sound. The fact is there were very much limitations on local people going into hotels and things of that sort. George Rudiak from Las Vegas was on that trip. The

Rudiaks were detained. He was born in Moscow, but left when he was ten. I complained to our leader whose comment was a shrug of the shoulders, but they were released in time to leave. Also, in a different way, I had a couple of scary moments and much sorrow about the cemeteries with houses in Minsk and a graveyard with Jewish bodies made into a park. The Christian people on that trip insisted that the group should be taken there—they understood.

The sessions were always good, and in spite of what I've said about the times, we could have some fun back and forth with the Russian people, who were sitting on the dais, whatever. Long before we were good about women participating in the professions, well, the Russians were way ahead of us. They were way ahead of us. The Russians had women judges before we did. I was in the courts, and that was very interesting—nothing like our courts. What was so interesting to me, more recently, you know, the Russians came here to the National Judicial College and to the courts to see our system of laws. So that was interesting.

Did you get to go and meet any of them at that time, when the Russians came here?

Oh, no. I was aware of it, but there wasn't a time that was easy for me, and what would I say, "Oh, hello."?
[laughter]

Yes. "I remember when I was there in 1984," right?

Yes.

There was also a trip to China that you went on in 1986? Was that a similar kind of outing?

That was China within the East China Law School, a Shanghai Symposium. A law group went over. Again, the sessions were good. Fortunately for me, though, I became friendly with one of the Chinese sort of leaders, a younger person, and he was so interested. They always wanted to know more about the English language, about the Americans. It was good for me, because I could be helpful to them, but I learned a lot through them. I used to carry my own hotel key with me. I never left it. One day, I came back to the hotel, and a lot of the men lawyers were just sitting out in the waiting room, or whatever room it was, and that was so unusual. I said, "Is something happening here?"

"Yes, they won't let us in our rooms." [laughter]

"But I have my key." And I said, "Why not?" They wouldn't give them the keys, because the Chinese owners of the hotel decided that they had given us too good a rate, and until we paid the rest of what we should pay, we couldn't go into our rooms. [laughter] So I had a talk with this young fellow and said, "This is how it works in America. You want to . . ." [laughter] But those men. Talk about men and women. The men sitting out there, because they wouldn't let them in. So, my person and I—we worked that all out about contracts. [laughter] So much for men. That was a funny experience.

I often went off to sightsee. That basket I have over there, I always felt bad about it, because I paid so little in the transaction. The basket maker was finishing it on the street, and it was a comment I made. This is very personal. So when I went back for breakfast I was feeling so bad to think I didn't give more money. "What is the

matter with you? You gave him what he asked you. That's what he wanted. Why would you worry about it?"

It's like saving food or not saving food. In American dollars that was only two dollars—a handmade basket! But I didn't think about it, because I didn't have a problem about the people. They would show me money. I would just put out the Chinese money, and they would take it, you know, and give me change. So, I knew that was OK, but when I figured it out afterward I thought, "Two bucks," you know, "I could do better than that." Well, I don't want to be personal, but, you know.

Maybe we should end up just talking in general about your career as an attorney. Now, you still do some things for friends and so on?

Oh, yes, I do.

What kinds of things are you working on now?

Well, no, I have to be very limited now, primarily because I've allowed myself to put aside my personal matters, and I think I've waited a little too long for that, but I can't bring myself to say, "I'm retiring, and I won't do this for you." However, I'm not encouraging any new business. The fact is I have referred them out to other attorneys, but mostly in a personal way, because the truth is, the kind of practice I now have is very costly for me. Well, I get some pay, but it's taking me away from personal matters that I *need* to care for, which become costly when I don't, but I'm not willing to say my door is closed.

So you still end up helping friends and neighbors and people who contact you?

Yes. Right.

Which is a part of why we always had a hard time getting together for these interviews, right?

Yes.

So, is it hard for you to think about retiring, in terms of giving up the law?

Yes. Oh, well, that's what I'm saying. I don't think anybody's going to hear me say, "I'm retired. Well, I'm not going to do it," for the father of a young fourteen-year old daughter, who the father is now becoming concerned about her interest in a young man. I cannot say to this father, whom I know you know, and whose daughter I know, that this is of greatest concern to him. Still you look up the law. You've given them what the law is, but still it's timely, because it's personal, and I have chuckles inside myself, since this is the second father who has come to me about the same kind of thing. [laughter] Well, the concern about young daughters, we don't always think like that, and when I was growing up it was just that men knew how they were to behave when they were young, but when it comes to their own young daughters [laughter]

Whole different thing.

I have helped people more recently keep their house. If I had my life to do over again, maybe I would just do telephoning. I'm pretty good on the phone, and where people don't get through to people, sometimes I can. That was the case here, where the banks were ready to foreclose and all. They had started that action, as a

matter of fact, and yet I salvaged the house. You know, it's very difficult for me to say, "Go find somebody to do this for you," especially when you don't have very much money, but very often they can find the money for the other person. [laughter]

Right. There comes the problem: you're giving away your time, and I also get a sense it's difficult for you to say no to someone in need.

In need. In need, but very often a lot of these people aren't that much in need.

Do you feel like we've covered the important highlights?

I don't know. First of all, you came to me. It would never have occurred to me to go through this interview in this way. What I did with Cliff Young was bad enough that Coe Swobe tried it, but it wasn't the same way you were doing it.

I think that we've covered some things that were very important.

Yes. Yes.

INDEX

A

Agosti, Deborah, 79, 81
American Trial Lawyers, 121
Anderson, Fred M., 47, 73
Arley, Jacques, 46, 69-78, 86,
92-93, 107, 115
Arroyo, Mr., 79

B

Bailey, Margaret, 40-41, 61,
99, 104, 107
Bartlett, John, 110, 116
Bassinoo, Marie, 118
Bibb, Forrest, 113
Breen, Fran, 110
Breen, Peter, 84
Bull, Sam, 61-62
Busey, Douglas A., 38, 109

C

Carville, Edward D. "Ted," 51
Cohn, Felice, 40-41, 99
Colvin, Joe, 79-80
Cooke, Patricia, 117
Cooke, Thomas A., 116-117
Cooke, Valerie, 82
Craven and Busey Law Firm,
38-39
Craven, Thomas O., 38-39
Crosby, Pastor, 44-46, 55, 86,
115
Custer, Oliver, 99

D

Davidson, Mr., 65
Davies, John, 78-79
Dickerson, Harvey, 113
Drackert, Harry, 55

E

Eames, Mr., 33
Echeverria, Peter, 100, 104,
121
El Cortez Hotel (Reno,
Nevada), 51

F

Family Law Reporter, 89
Foley, Thomas A., 119
Fox, Elvira, 56-57, 60, 87
Fox, Sidney, 56, 60, 87
Friedman, Edith, 63
Fry, Leslie, 107

G

Gabrielli, John E., 89
Georgetta, Clel, 123
Goldwater, Bert M., 43, 111,
113
Gray, Leslie, 58, 105-106,
111
Grellman, Mr., 89-90
Grey, Reid and Wright
Department Store, 44
Griner, Jill, 82
Guild, Clark Jr., 84
Guild, Clark Sr., 84-85

H

Hale and Dorr Law Firm, 31,
55
Hampden County Law
Library (Springfield,
Massachusetts), 66

Harolds Club (Reno, Nevada),
52

Harvey, Nathaniel, 1-2
Hatton, Despena, 70, 83
Hatton, Nicky, 83
Hill, Carl, 77
Horowitz, Sam, 121
Hunter, Anne, 5, 36, 58
Hunter, Lottie, 1, 3, 5-7, 25,
62, 74
Hunter, Morris, 1, 3-10, 13-
14, 18-19, 22-23, 25, 33,
37, 51, 64
Hunter, Suzanne, 4-5, 13, 22-
23

I

International Women
Lawyers, 118-120

J

Jenkins, Mr., 31, 55

K

Kellogg, Carolyn, 80
Kladney, David, 79

L

Laxalt, Paul D., 45, 49, 115
Laxalt, Robert, 115
Liberty Belle (Reno, Nevada),
63
Liberty Mutual Insurance
Company, 91-92, 104

Libro, Mr., 88-91, 107
Lohse, George, 107
Loomis, E. Frandsen "Bud,"
110
Lunsford, Edward F., 43

M

McCarran, Patrick A., 100-
103, 116
McCarthy, Joseph, 31, 55
McKnight, William, 40, 114
Maestretti, Antonio J., 40-41,
113
Meany, Mrs., 25
Merrill, Charles M., 45-46, 74
Moss, Alice, 20
Mowbray, John Code, 104

N

National Women Lawyers,
119
Nevada Department of
Transportation, 77, 79-80
Nevada Industrial Compensa-
tion (NIC), 44-46, 115
Noneman, Kathleen, 47, 50,
81, 99
Novakovich, Nada, 47-51, 60

O

O'Malley, John, 20
O'Neale, Shelly, 79
Ormsby House (Carson City,
Nevada), 115

P

Petticoat Trial, 47, 49, 63
Pike, Miles N., 59, 111-112
Pike, Ray, 80, 111
Piscevich, Margo, 25, 50
Platt, Samuel, 110
Price, Nelle, 63, 119
Priest, David Wallace 40-43

R

Raggio, William, 93-95, 116
Reed, Edward C., 121
Rice, Gordon, 47-49, 55, 86
Riverside Hotel-Casino
(Reno, Nevada), 56
Roats, Mr., 29-30, 66-67
Robeson, Paul, 47, 56, 62,
124
Robinson, Sidney, 110
Rose, Robert E., 80
Rudiak, George, 125-126

S

Scanlan, Mr., 85
Sherman, Minnie, 2-3
Sherman, Rebecca, 2-3
Sherman, Susan, 2-3, 5, 16,
24, 68
Sinai, John "Husky," 110
Skinner, Louis, 52
Smith, Raymond I. "Pappy,"
52
Sorooptimists (Reno, Nevada),
51-54, 58-59, 124
Springmeyer, George, 97-98,
100, 104, 110

Springmeyer, Sally, 97-98
Streeter, Jack, 116
Summerfield, Lester D., 110
Swope, Coe, 116, 130

T

Talbot, Mr., 24-25
Tapscott, C.B., 65, 94
Temple Emanuel (Reno,
Nevada), 69-70
Thompson, Bruce R., 97-100,
104-105
Thompson, Gordon, 103-105
Treiger, Baruch, 59
Treiger, Leah (née Farber),
59-60, 63, 112
Tresidder, Dr., 34
Tyler, Eames and Reynolds
Law Firm, 32-33, 55

U

University of Nevada, Reno,
52, 96

V

Vargas, George, 110, 116
Verdi, Nevada, 77
Vogt, Arlene, 20, 28
Vucanovich, Barbara, 57

W

Wallace, Henry, 56-57
Warner, Pastor, 54, 60

Williams, Eric, 54
Williams, Erica, 54
Willmore, Pam, 89, 91, 95
Witkin, Mr., 39
Wonder, Emily, 63
Woodburn, William, 92, 100-
103, 116

Y

Yosemite National Park, 34-
37, 109-110
Young, Bill, 30-31, 67
Young, C. Clifton "Cliff," 58,
100, 105-106, 111, 121,
130
Young, Clarence, 58
Young, Lewellyn A., 106
Young Turks, 58, 105-106,
111
Young Women's Christian
Association (YWCA), 117-
118

Z

Zenoff, David, 79